1507/1345

THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

ANTHONY LEGER, Esq;

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 63
JUL

THE

LIFE

AND

ADVENTURES

OF

ANTHONY LEGER, Eſq;

OR, THE

MAN of SHIFTS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

——— See where he comes
Who has prophan'd the ſacred Name of Friend
And worn it into Vileneſs!
With how ſecure a Brow and ſpecious Form
He gilds the ſecret Villain!

Dryden.

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THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

ANTHONY LEGER, Eſq;

CHAP. I.

Eliza's *providential Deliverance—the Trial and Execution of* Robert *and* Jenkin.

THE terror which ſeized Eliza, deprived her of her ſenſes: they conveyed her in their arms to the warehouſe, ſome diſtance from the dwelling, where they intended to ſatiate their luſt, then murder her, and eſcape to the inſurgents. The lifeleſs condition ſhe was in prevented them from making that expedi-

tion in reaching the place, they otherwiſe would have done, and proved the means of her deliverance.

The battle was ſhort and concluſive. The inſurgents fled by the warehouſe where Eliza was conveyed, and were purſued by the victors. The noiſe of the rout alarmed the villians, and they ſecreted themſelves behind ſome hogſheads of tobacco. Eliza was ſufficiently recovered to mark where they concealed themſelves, though ſhe pretended ſtill to be in a ſwoon: ſhe lay ſtill therefore, waiting the event, and hoping that providence would direct ſome of the parties to the place.

Mr. Powell paſſed the warehouſe but a little way before the thought ſtruck him that the Militia and Leger were ſufficient to purſue a flying enemy—that it would be better for him to return, and ſee if all was well at home. He accordingly turned back with his little party.

The

The tongue and the pen have both related important diſcoveries, ariſing from the ſagacity and fidelity of dogs; to a ſimilar occurrence did Mrs. Powell owe her deliverance. The tumult paſſed, the villains were coming forth from their hiding-place to perpetrate their horrid purpoſe of rape and murder. A dog whoſe preſence they had diſregarded when they had locked up the children and carried off the mother, had followed them unobſerved, and was watching at the door of the warehouſe when Mr. Powell returned.

The faithful animal ran to meet his maſter as he advanced, dancing and capering, barking and howling at a great rate: he ran back to the door of the warehouſe, then returned to his maſter, all which Mr. Powell conſidered as nothing more than emotions of joy at meeting him after a few hours abſence. As he paſſed the door, the dog caught hold of the ſkirt of his coat, and pulled with

all his might towards it: He ſuffered himſelf to be led, for his curioſity was awakened, when the dog quitting his hold, ſcratched at the door, and barked and howled as before. Mr Powell opened it, for the villians not ſuſpecting diſturbance, had not faſtened it. But what was his aſtoniſhment when he ſaw his dear Eliza bound and gagged!

He called his attendants in, and haſted to deliver his wife from the bonds and gag, then haſtily demanded how ſhe came into that ſituation? She was too much exhauſted by fear and terror to reply, but pointed to the hiding-place, to which the traytors had a ſecond time retired. Some of the Negroes advanced to it, and found Robert and Jenkin crouched down behind the hogſheads: they ſeized them, and tied their hands behind them, and led them away to a place of confinement.

Mr. Powell conducted his Eliza home: her joy which was now as great as her terror had been, cauſed her faintings to return.

return. Proper attention however ſoon reſtored her to a capacity of embracing her deliverer, and relating her ſtory.

When the female ſervants who had gone to the eminence to ſee the fight, returned and found no one in the houſe, they were ſurpriſed, but concluded they were gone ſomewhere to get a ſight of the battle as they had done; they there fore contented themſelves to wait their return, until the cries and calling of the children alarmed them, and led them to the place of their confinement. Of the children they learned what had paſſed, and execrated themſelves for quitting the houſe to gratify their curioſity.

The joy of the children and ſervants at Eliza's return was inexpreſſible, for her ſervants loved her exceedingly; and when Mr. Powell related the behaviour of the dog as the cauſe of diſcovery, happy were they who could load the beloved animal with moſt careſſes.

Leger and his party returned from the purſuit, and were informed of all that had paſſed. They joined the general joy: and Leger diſplayed his eloqence in congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Powell; and in eulogiums on divine providence, which he ſaid, always protects the good.

The culprits were now to be diſpoſed of: the ſituation of affairs from the inſurrection allowed maſters a ſummary courſe of juſtice againſt rebellious Negroes, without waiting the ſlower form of trial by the laws of the iſland. Leger was for having them executed immediately; ever impetuous, he curſed the dogs and demanded their puniſhment without delay, as a means of ſtriking a terror into the reſt: not ſo Mr. Powell, he did not want to ſtrike terror, but to convince of juſtice.

A day was appointed for their trial, the place was the great hall in the houſe. Mr. Powell appointed ſix of the eldeſt Negroes to ſit as judges, and all the reſt to be jurors. Seats were properly placed for

for them, and chairs for Mr. Powell and Leger; who confeſſed this black court had a very reſpectable and ſolemn appearance.

The priſoners were brought to the bar, and their accuſations read to them, but they were ſullen and ſilent. Mr. Powell however wiſhed the trial might proceed. The children, and the ſervants who found them in the warehouſe, were the evidences called. Mrs. Powell was diſpenſed with from motives of reſpect to the dignity of her perſon and character. When the evidence was gone through, Mr. Powell ſaid to the judges, that though he did not know any law which admitted brute animals as evidence, he ſhould nevertheleſs be glad to have the dog brought into Court, to ſee if any thing of that inſtinct which had led to the diſcovery, remained in him.

The wooly headed venerable Magiſtrates bowed their aſſent. The dog was brought and placed near the priſoners.

He growled and barked at them with great reſentment, and having thus given his evidence, was ſent out of Court.

The priſoners were aſked for their defence—the ſolemn form of proceeding againſt them had mollified and affected them—they confeſſed the fact, and their intentions, and wept over their unhappy ſituation.

The eldeſt of the judges ſummed up the evidence, and the next in pre-eminence called upon the jurors one by one, for their verdict: all were unanimous, Guilty of Death. The Judges then deliberated what kind of death they ſhould ſentence the priſoners to: they were unanimous for death by torture, and paſſed the ſentence accordingly, while the poor wretches trembled with apprehenſion of the agonies they muſt ſuffer.

Mr. Powell roſe, and as the fountain of that authority by which they had proceeded, claimed the right of mitigating the

the ſentence, which he did, by ordering them to be hanged.

The next morning the Malefactors were executed. News alſo arrived that the inſurgents were fled to the mountains after many of them had been deſtroyed, both in battle and purſuit. Mr. Powell made a feaſt for his Negroes for joy of the victory over their enemies, and for the deliverance of Eliza. As he beheld their feſtivity from his window, he perceived that their affectionate zeal had placed the heads of the unhappy young men upon poles, and that they were dancing round them. He ſent immediate orders to take them down and bury them with the bodies, ſaying, "I carry no reſentment beyond death."

CHAP. XXV.

Leger *relates his own Story in his own Way.*

THERE was ſtill a conſiderable time to wait for the Weſt India fleet's return to England, and the hoſpitable Powell and his Eliza were glad their gueſt was likely to be detained ſo long with them: the ſprightlineſs of his converſation, and agreeable manner of embelliſhing what he related, gave them great pleaſure: nor was he leſs pleaſed to find ſo agreeable an aſylum. He applied himſelf to cultivate their eſteem, and even to gain their affections: he entered into, and intereſted himſelf in all their concerns—affected to be exceedingly fond of their children, and put on the appearance in every reſpect of the moſt cordial friendſhip.

One

One day as they were ſeated in friendly chat, and he was entertaining them with anecdotes, of himſelf and others, Eliza obſerved, that the hiſtory of ſuch a man, who had travelled and ſeen ſo much, muſt be very entertaining. She alſo thought that the footing of friendſhip they were upon, entitled them to it, eſpecially as Mr. Powell had related his own in ſo unreſerved a manner.

"My dear Madam," ſaid Leger, "your requeſts with me, will always be commands, you ſhall be obeyed; and though I have already related to you ſeveral occurrences of my life in detached parts, I will for your ſatisfaction, endeavour to connect them; and I flatter myſelf that my hiſtory may afford you ſome entertainment."

The truth is, that Leger was glad of an opportunity of gratifying more paſſions than one: his vanity would now have

have ſcope to dilate in puffing off himſelf, and alſo in diſplaying his oratorical powers: it was a mortifying diſappointment, when Fogard's treachery prevented him in the road of Callicut, and he embraced the preſent opportunity with avidity: he had an additional motive now, he wiſhed to tell a ſtory, which might pave the way to ſome after ſtroke; for he had no intention of parting from theſe good friends without a bleſſing: and thus he proceeded,

"My father, the honourable and Rev. Edward Seymour, was the youngeſt ſon of a noble family, and by way of proviſion, dedicated to the church: he married reſpectably as to family; but my mother had little or no fortune: however, through the intereſt of his own and my mother's family, he obtained two valuable livings in the North, and a ſtall in the Cathedral at Durham. With this proviſion, he was enabled to live in

a

a ſtile ſuperior to moſt of his clerical brethren, who had not obtained the bleſſings of lawn.

My Mother bore him three children. The eldeſt, whoſe name was Edward, was educated for the church, becauſe the advouſon of the principal living was in my mother's family, and he ſucceeded to it on my father's death.

His ſecond child was a daughter, named Henrietta: ſhe at the age of ſeventeen, was married to Sir Archibald Cammeron, a ſcotch Baronet, who took her for her great beauty, for my father lived in too expenſive a manner to afford her a fortune.

The third and laſt of their children, was your very humble ſervant; pardon me, Eliza, and Mr Powell, forgive me, if I mention the partiality of my parents, for partiality it undoubtedly was: they ſaw, or fancied they ſaw, a brilliancy of parts in Anthony Seymour, which determined

termined them to train him for the bar. I went through the grammar ſchool, to Oxford, and from thence to the Temple, to fit myſelf for that ſphere in life my parents had choſen for me.

While I purſued my ſtudies there, my father died: my eldeſt brother, and my ſiſter, were as I told you provided for. The property my father died poſſeſſed of, was barely ſufficient to purchaſe my mother a ſmall annuity for life, and poor Anthony, was left to his ſhifts: but, as I never diſtruſted providence, and I am determined never will, I was not at all diſcouraged.

I finiſhed my ſtudies—I was called to the bar—I was fortunate, for I never undertook a cauſe but I carried it; my practice of courſe became conſiderable, both in the King's Bench, and Common Pleas. Sometimes indeed, I accepted a brief for the Old Bailey, but not often.

And

And here, my dear Mr. Powell, I am obliged to inform you, in order to keep the thread of my narrative, though I forbore it hitherto, that I was in Court, both when you was tried, and when you received ſentence of death. I truly commiſerated your caſe, and my heart bled for you: it gave me the trueſt pleaſure humanity can feel, when I heard your friends had obtained the royal mercy; but little did I then think, I ſhould be ſo happy as ever to meet with you on the pleaſing footing I have done, and enjoy with Eliza, you, and theſe dear pratlers, the pleaſures of a ſincere friendſhip; but who can foreſee the ſteps of providence? however, I rejoice in this event, as the happieſt of my life.

When firſt I ſaw you, I had a perfect recollection of your features, I knew I had ſeen you, and ſeen you in ſome remarkable ſituation; but my memory, which ſcarce ever fails me, in this caſe

played

played me booty, I could not recollect your name or ſtory, until your own moſt intereſting recital of it brought it to my mind."

"And was you, dear Seymour, a witneſs to my diſgrace and diſtreſs? and was your heart indeed intereſted for me? Did you rejoice, that an unhappy youth, eſcaped a premature and ſhameful death? Providence is good, in ſending you here to rejoice with me." Thus exclaimed the affected Powell, while the tears ran plentifully from Eliza's eyes.

"But why," ſaid he, "did you aſk me how I got out of that damned ſcrape, when you knew it?" "I did not," ſaid Leger, "know the intereſt by which your pardon was obtained; but the principal reaſon of my aſking was, that I might be entertained with your own judicious recital of it, and pious reflections upon it: I have been amply gratified, and thank

thank you. I rejoice with you, in the happy ſituation that now attends you; and, as I ſaid before, account it one of the happieſt, and moſt fortunate events of my life, that brought me here. But if you pleaſe, I will proceed with my ſtory.——

CHAP

CHAP. III.

Leger *in Continuation.*

"BEING comfortably eſtabliſhed in buſineſs, I looked around me for a ſuitable companion in life, nor was it long before I found, or rather thought I found, the moſt amiable of her ſex. Clarinda, was the daughter of a gentleman fallen to decay; my motive therefore in addreſſing her, could not be lucrative. Fortune I always conſidered as the ſmalleſt conſideration in the choice of a wife; eſpecially as I was in a fair way of providing handſomely for a family myſelf.

Clarinda poſſeſſed every attractive grace, had been well educated, and was miſtreſs of every female accompliſhment.

My

My whole ſoul doated on her, and ſhe had art enough to cauſe me to believe I was not indifferent to her. Her beauty had procured her many admirers, but her want of fortune, prevented her having many offers.—Of all her ſuitors, I was in the moſt proſperous way: I accordingly ſucceeded, and thought myſelf happy.

Three years paſſed in uninterrupted proſperity. My domeſtic pleaſures were encreaſed, by the poſſeſſion of two fine boys, and my buſineſs was alſo upon the encreaſe; but ſuch was my eagerneſs to amaſs a fortune for my angel and her boys, that I had not patience to wait the acquiſition of it in the courſe of my practice; but determined upon going to the Eaſt Indies, as the ſource of wealth, and the only place in all the world, where fortunes are moſt rapidly acquired. I communicated my thoughts to my friends,

friends, moſt of them approved my ſcheme, and perſuaded me to go.

Clarinda was not leſs deſirous than myſelf, to take the ſhorteſt road to wealth: ſhe urged my departure, and inſiſted upon ſharing the dangers and fatigues of the voyage with me. The neceſſary preparations were accordingly made, our children placed under the care of her parents, and with a good round ſum of money, we left old England, to viſit the ſhores of Hindoſtan.

The great deſire I had to ſee and learn the manners, cuſtoms, and laws, of different countries, made me wiſh to go by land; but I feared the fatigues and dangers of ſuch a rout, would be too much for the delicacy of Clarinda's conſtitution: ſhe however, ſtimulated by a curioſity equal to my own, perſuaded me to follow my inclination. We embarked for the continent, and after

a few weeks pleaſant travelling, arrived at Leghorn.

The objects of our curioſity, being beyond the limits of Europe, we made all the haſte we could to get out of it. We took too curſory a view of the places we paſſed through in France and Italy, for me to be able to entertain you with accounts of them, from my own obſervation; and you know, thoſe countries have been ſo amply deſcribed by other travellers, that it is needleſs. I ſhall only obſerve therefore, with regard to myſelf, that being a novice in travelling I ſuffered greatly from the various ſpecies of impoſitions practiſed on ſtrangers. My caſh was conſiderably ſunk, and I learned the art of travelling œconomically, by paying dearly for it.

I was detained ſome weeks at Leghorn, waiting for a ſhip of ſome nation at peace with the piratical States of Barbary, to convey us to Alexandria. I wrote home

home for remittances to recruit my finances: but before they could arrive, a Sweediſh ſhip, bound for Alexandria, touched at Leghorn. I was now in a dillemma; I wiſhed to embrace the preſent opportunity of a paſſage, but when I compared my finances with the length of my way to India, the former appeared to be very inadequate to the latter, and my remittances not likely to arrive in time.

Providence, which I am perſuaded, from many occurrences of my life, has ever watched over me, befriended me in this affair: a generous Italian, with whom I had contracted an acquaintance, and from whom I withheld nothing that concerned me, had confidence enough from ſo ſhort an acquaintance to truſt me with the ſum I expected, and take my letter of Attorney to enable him to receive my remittances; which I afterwards heard came ſafe to his hand, with a ballance in my

my favour, which I doubt not to receive when I reach Europe again.

We ſet ſail for Alexandria, and had a ſhort and pleaſant paſſage. We ſtaid there a few days, and went on board one of the boats that go up the Nile to Cairo, intending from thence to croſs the deſert to Suez: here I was under the neceſſity of hiring a Jew interpreter to travel with us.

I do not know, Mr. Powell, what may be your ſentiments about dreams, but I for my part, think they are ſometimes an anticipation of the future ſcenes of our lives. When I was a lad, I dreamt I was on a journey, and found myſelf in a large and populous city; in one ſtreet of which, I was peculiarly ſtruck with a ſuperb edifice, which on inſpection, I found contained thirty ſtalls for horſes, and which were filled with ſome of the moſt beautiful that can be imagined. I thought no more of my dream until I came

came to Alexandria, nor then at firſt; I was however, much ſurpriſed to find a city, which I expected to ſtrike me with its novelty, appear to me as a place I had formerly been acquainted with. The ſecond day, I paſſed through the ſtreet, in which was the Baſhaw's ſtables; the building ſtruck me with ſurprize: it was the ſame ſuperb edifice—with the ſame number of beautiful columns in front—the ſame number of ſtalls within—and all of them occupied by the fineſt horſes; it was every thing the ſame I had ſeen in my dream.

When my ſurpriſe would ſuffer me to recollect my thoughts, I reaſoned thus upon the affair It is certainly, I ſaid to myſelf, a good omen; for if providence gave me years ago, an anticipation of theſe ſcenes of my journey, the ſight of them now, ſhould aſſure me I am, and ſhall continue to be, an object of its care."

"You

"You reaſoned right," ſaid good Mr. Powell, "and if it was not for the interruption it would give your ſtory, I could relate to you, ſeveral inſtances in my dreams, which have been prophetic and premonitory."

Credulity is often the weakneſs of good-hearted perſons—our *man of ſhifts* knew it—and wiſhed to know how far it was the weakneſs of his hoſt—in forging and relating this dream, he carried his point. To humour the matter thoroughly, "Will you, my dear friend," ſaid he, "indulge me with a few of thoſe dreams you mention? I will gladly ſuſpend my tale to hear them; for I am ſure they will be of greater inſtruction and entertainment than any thing I can relate."

"No," ſaid Eliza, "we are impatient for your narrative, as we ſuppoſe, it will now be fraught with the marvellous and

wonderful. Mr. Powell can tell his dreams another time."

"Indeed Madam," ſaid Leger, "you may be diſappointed, by expecting more than you will find—however, many of the occurrences of our journey were much out of the common way, I will obey you and proceed.

We took boat, as I told you, to go up the Nile. A beautiful river, running through one of the moſt delightful countries in the world: the lovely verdure of the herbage, the glowing colour of the fruits, and the beauty and variety of the flowers, is paſt deſcription. The towns and villages, ſtand thick along the banks on both ſides of the river, ſeldom ſo far as two miles diſtance from each other. I began to regret, that I was only to go thro' this charming country, for I could not conceive that India, notwithſtanding all I had heard of it, could be its equal.

My love of Egypt was conſiderably cooled, when I began to contemplate its

its wretched inhabitants: their dejected, miſerable, and ſqualid appearance, convinced me, that this delightful country was no paradiſe to them. I ſoon learned the cauſe of it: they are the abject ſlaves of a ſet of curſed, avaricious, and voluptuous tyrants, called Beys—who are tributary to the Porte—who oppreſs, rob, and murder theſe poor creatures at their pleaſure. Thus circumſtanced, they have no heart to improve on nature, as the benefit would not be their own: and what they acquire by trade, they dare not enjoy for fear of being robbed of it."—

CHAP. IV.

Leger *in Continuation.*

"WE ſailed for ſeveral days up the Nile without any remarkable occurrence. But one moon light night, about midnight, my interpreter burſt into my cabin, with as much hurry as if he had had twenty devils at his heels—the moon ſhone in at the cabin window and ſhewed me the poor fellow, pale as death, with every hair upon his head ſtanding up like Porcupines quills."

'Oh maſter!' cried he, 'the night boats are come and we ſhall all, every ſoul, be murdered!' Night boats, ſaid I, what are they? 'Pirates, maſter, pirates, they will be aboard us in a minute, and cut all our throats.' Clarinda was greatly frighted by

by the fellow's appearance and tale: but I who never loſe my courage in any danger, roſe, and taking up a brace of piſtols which lay by my pillow, gave him one. Provoked at his cowardly fear, Take this, ſaid I, you jew faced ſon of a bitch, and ſhoot the firſt that ſets a foot on the deck, or I'll blow your brains out with the other.

He went up, where all was hurry and confuſion, but not a word could I underſtand: we dreſſed as ſpeedily as poſſible, and ripping up the bed, emptied into it a bag of money that lay under my pillow —I left Clarinda to ſew up the bed, and went on deck—the pirates were approaching very faſt—I animated the men to courage all I could by ſigns, but all in vain, fear ſeemed to have overpowered them—the enemy was now along ſide, and preparing to board—I fired my piſtol, and killed one of them—ſeveral ſhot were then exchanged, and the enemy attempted to grapple us—when ſnatching a muſket

from a man who ſtood next me, I marked out the commander—I hit my mark, and he dropped.

This loſs threw them into great confuſion, and conſiderably animated my cowardly companions, who giving a great ſhout, renewed their fire. The enemy ſheered off; and we, glad of our eſcape, made the beſt of our way to anchor before the next town, for fear of another viſitor.

In two days more we reached Cairo—the city is large and populous, but like moſt of the cities of the Eaſt, ill built: it is a kind of central mart for that part of the world, and conſequently reſorted to by ſtrangers of all Countries. The boat that carried us there had ſeveral on board, and others that followed it brought more, who came from different places in the Levant, and were going croſs the Deſert to Suez, a port on the Red Sea.

At this time the Beys were aſſembled at Cairo to conſult for their mutual ſafety; they

they had withheld the uſual tribute to the grand Signior, and expected a viſit from the Captain Pacha to chaſtiſe them—the ſtrangers were regarded with a jealous eye, and all our ſteps carefully watched. My curioſity led me to go about to view the City, the Caſtle, and the Pyramids; in conſequence of which, the ſtrangers were forbid to be ſeen abroad, and in a day or two it was intimated that the Beys intended to take off our heads.

For three weeks we were kept in cruel ſuſpence for our lives; or rather in daily expectation of death: not that I was unhappy on that account, I cared but little whether I died then, or afterwards; nay, I ſhould have died with pleaſure, if I could firſt have cut the throats of thoſe curſed dogs the Beys. At the end of that time, their jealouſy ſubſided, and we regained our liberty. The Caravan being ready to depart, we were glad to embrace the opportunity, and ſet off with it.

In croſſing the Deſert, we frequently met with flying parties of Arabs, but being pretty well armed, and making a formidable appearance, we paſſed them without injury, and got ſafe to Suez.

There was in our company an egregious coxcomb, a Scotch officer, who gave himſelf airs, and frequently inſulted ſeveral of the company, and myſelf in particular. His impertinence eſcaped its deſerved chaſtiſement, while we were under the authority of the Governor of the Caravan. But I vowed revenge as ſoon as he ſhould be from under his protection. I travelled with an old and ſhabby mounted ſword by my ſide, having depoſited a very handſome one among my baggage for fear of accident. When we were in the Caravanſera, at Suez, he diverted himſelf, and attempted to divert the company with ſeveral ſneering obſervations upon my ſhabby ſword.

I drew it, and fixing my eyes on his face, I bent and tempered it on the table,

ble, ſaying, I had one better mounted, but this was an excellent blade, and ſufficiently well mounted to chaſtiſe the impertinence of a puppy. He proteſted he meant no harm, and was only in joke. You are a poltroon and a ſcoundrel, ſaid I, you have inſulted me with impunity, while protected in the Caravan, but now you dog, I call you to account for it. He turned pale as aſhes, and aſſured me he meant no harm. Talk not of harm, ſaid I, what can be greater harm, than for ſuch puppies and coxcombs to diſturb the peace and hurt the minds of his betters, merely for his own diverſion. Draw, ſir, and turn out this minute, or I will hunt you through India for a coward! Turn out you man of tongue!

Several of the company interfered, and endeavoured to make up the matter, but I was determined to humble the raſcal, and he was obliged to go out with me. I know myſelf ſuperior to moſt men at the ſword, and engaged my

man with confidence. I diſarmed him. Now puppy, ſaid I, this ſhabby ſword, which has provoked your mirth ſhall end your life, unleſs you aſk it on your knees, and promiſe in future a behaviour leſs offenſive to your fellow travellers.

He ſubmitted to the terms in the moſt humble manner, and a reconcilement took place.

From Suez, we ſailed down the Red Sea, and croſſed the Indian Ocean without any remarkable occurence, except a mutiny which I had like to have forgot, when I ſaved the captain from being thrown over board: with the ſame ſhabby ſword I reſcued him from their hands; and by reaſoning and arguments, produced ſuch conceſſions on both ſides as reſtored peace to the ſhip.

We anchored before Calicut, and the Captain ſent a boat on ſhore for proviſions. We had no ſuſpicion of danger, becauſe, though there was a kind of rupture at that time between Hyder Ally and

and the Engliſh, our Captain was a Frenchman, and bound for Pondicherry; and we expected when we had our proviſions on board, to ſail directly for that place.

I ſhould have told you, that ſeveral Engliſh, Scotch, and Iriſh, joined us at Suez: they had croſſed the great Deſert from Aleppo, and were going to different parts of India. Our raſcally Captain, when he ſent the boat on ſhore, ſent alſo a letter to the Governor; that for a ſuitable ſhare of the plunder, he would deliver us up into his hands. The boat returned with an anſwer, which he pretended was a promiſe of proviſions next day—the next day came: and as I was walking on the deck in the morning, I perceived a conſiderable buſtle on ſhore: I called up the reſt of the paſſengers: by this time ſeveral boats were put off, and we were fully appriſed of our danger. We

begged the Captain to put out to ſea, which he abſolutely refuſed.

We made the beſt uſe we could of our time, in concealing our money and papers of conſequence about our perſons, as the moſt likely way of ſaving them—the boats reached and boarded us—we were carried on ſhore, and impriſoned in an old Fort, where we ſlept upon a little ſtraw, and were fed with the worſt proviſions of the Country."——

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Leger *in Continuation.*

"THE Governor of Calicut, was an Iriſh Renegade, in conſiderable favour with Hyder Ally, who had rewarded him with this government for his bravery: he was a biggoted Mahomedan, and a conſummate hypocrite: horridly frighted at a tempeſt, yet cruel and rapacious to the utmoſt of his power —there was one day a moſt dreadful ſtorm of thunder and lightning; when this devout Muſſulman ordered a carpet to be ſpread for him on the ſhore: he kneeled upon it to deprecate the wrath of heaven by prayer: at the ſame inſtant a veſſel was ſtranded full in his view, and his boats put off to plunder the wreck.

wreck. This deteſted hypocrite, while his hands were lifted up in ſupplication, kept his eyes fixed upon the boats to ſee that they ſecured their plunder.

After five weeks impriſonment, Hyder Ally ſent for us to Seringapatam, his capital, that he might ſee and converſe with us himſelf: he had been told we were vagrants, but by means of a Jew, at Calicut, who was connected with another Jew, at Seringapatam, and Hyder Ally's broker, I got that prince informed that we were gentlemen, travelling on our own private affairs: this cauſed him to ſend for us, and we were conducted two hundred miles up the country.

Hyder had ordered us a large houſe for our reſidence, until he was at leiſure to give us audience We had alſo liberty to go about the city and its environs, upon our parole; ſo that we were much more comfortable than at Calicut.

At laſt, the day of audience came, and I was elected ſpokeſman for the reſt. He received

received us, ſeated on his throne: and having very civilly enquired after our health, ordered us to approach quite near to him: he regarded us with penetrating eyes, and aſked a great number of queſtions, concerning Europe, in general, and England in particular: he ſeemed much pleaſed with the anſwers he received, and ſaid, 'I was told you were vagrants, but I ſee you are gentlemen. How are you accommodated? How are you lodged?' I ſaid, We did not wiſh to complain: Our accommodations were not very comfortable, but we were not anxious on that ſcore, as we hoped his goodneſs would ſoon permit us to leave them.

'You ſhall, gentlemen, ſaid he, you ſhall ſoon be permitted to go to your own people. I have no war with gentlemen, who are travelling on their affairs. I am ſorry you have been ſo badly accommodated. You ſhall go to-morrow, to one of my own houſes, and your wants

ſhall

ſhall be attended to. I will give orders myſelf about it. I will ſee you again in a few days.'

We bowed and thanked him, repeating our wiſh, that we might ſoon be permitted to depart. The next day we were conducted to our lodgings, which were very comfortable, and every thing was provided for us in abundance.

In three days, we were called to audience again. 'Well gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'I hope you like your accommodations.' I thanked him, and ſaid, we were much beholden to his generous care of us, but were anxious to depart.

'You ſhall go to-morrow, ſaid he, 'and pray tell your countrymen how I have behaved to you. I have given orders, that every thing that was taken out of the ſhip ſhall be reſtored.' And then exalting his voice with vehemence. 'If any of my people have robbed your perſons of the ſmalleſt trifle, they ſhall be put

put to death. You muſt ſee me in the morning before your departure.'

The morrow came, and we went to the Palace, where Hyder received us without form. He repeatedly charged us to make a true report to the Engliſh, of his behaviour. And then making each of us handſome preſents, we were diſmiſſed; and ſet off for Calicut, with a guard for our protection.

It would favour of vanity, my dear friends, was I to repeat to you at large the flattering compliments I received from this Indian Prince, during our audiences; and the pleaſure he expreſſed at the information I gave him, upon the ſubjects about which he queſtioned me. It ſhall ſuffice to ſay, that in diſtributing his preſents, I was diſtinguiſhed by particular marks of his favour.

We ſailed from Calicut, in a French ſhip for Pondicherry, where we waited ſometime for a ſhip to carry us to

When

Madras—There we alſo waited for another to carry us to Calcutta.

At Madras, an accident happened, which gave me great uneaſineſs. I aſſure you, Mr. Powell, I am a man of a peaceable diſpoſition; but I never could, nor never will put up with an inſult. A brother Barriſter, who was my fellow-traveller, having groſsly affronted me, I was obliged in honour as a gentleman, to call him to account. We met behind the Fort with piſtols, and at the firſt diſcharge, my antagoniſt fell. The great quantity of blood which flowed from the wound, which was in his forehead, made me apprehend it was mortal, and I began to fear his death would blaſt all my fair proſpects in India. I was, however, ſoon made eaſy on that ſcore. The ſurgeons, upon examination, found that the impenetrable thickneſs of his ſcull, had ſaved his life by reſiſting the entrance of the ball.

When

When I arrived at Calcutta, I introduced myſelf to the principal gentlemen of the Settlement, to whom I had letters of recommendation. I took a houſe—hired ſervants—ordered a handſome palanquin, and entring myſelf in the Supreme Court—I ſet off in my profeſſion as a man of figure; and in a ſhort time, through my profeſſional knowledge and abilities, acquired wealth and reputation in a conſiderable degree.

When I arrived at Calcutta, I found that Settlement in great diſorder and confuſion. The Governor-general, and Chief Juſtice, whoſe Court was eſtabliſhed on purpoſe to be a check upon the Governor, jointly purſued the moſt arbitrary and deſpotic meaſures, to pillage and oppreſs that unhappy Country. Bengal groaned under their yoke, and Calcutta trembled before them. Some of the members of the Supreme Council, and ſome of the moſt eminent ſettlers had

had however the courage and honeſty to oppoſe them.

It was impoſſible for my active ſpirit to be neuter: and my love of juſtice and hatred of oppreſſion, determined me as to my party. Could prudence have induced me to remain neuter, or my conſcience have permitted me to enliſt in the oppreſſors party, which was the ſureſt and quickeſt way to wealth; I ſhould have ſoon amaſſed one of the firſt fortunes in India. However, in ſpite of all their oppoſition, I got enough to remit home, as a comfortable reſourſe when I return to old England.

You, Sir, and your Eliza, will perhaps think me vain, if I aſſure you I was the ſcourge and terror of thoſe men of blood and rapine: few had the courage to attack them, as the ruin of ſuch was certain, if it could by any means be accompliſhed. The death of Nunducomar?

ducomar, which happened two years before my arrival, was freſh in remembrance, and had ſtruck ſuch a terror among both natives and ſettlers; that a prudent regard to the ſafety of their lives kept them ſilent, while their hearts burned with indignation."

"Pray Sir," ſaid Eliza, "excuſe my curioſity; who, and what was this Nunducomar? and what was his peculiar fate, which ſtruck ſuch terror into many?"

"My dear Madam," ſaid Leger, "I ſhould have recollected, that you who inhabit this Weſtern world, know nothing of what is done in the Eaſt. Your curioſity ſhall be gratified with a conciſe account of what I heard on the ſpot."—

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Story of Nunducomar—Leger *in Continuation—His Memoir of Hindoſtan.*

"NUNDUCOMAR was many years a prime miniſter to the Nabob of Bengal; he was a man of integrity, humanity, and good ſenſe: as to his tribe or caſt, as it is called, he was Bramin, and at the head of that caſt: as to his ſecular rank or degree, he was a Raja, a title little inferior to his ſovereign, and which in ſome provinces of India has ſovereignty connected with it.

After the ſovereignty of Bengal, through Lord Clive's conqueſt of it, became veſted in the Eaſt India Company, the Raja Nunducomar, found it neceſſary on account of ſome affairs of his own

own, to take up his reſidence at Calcutta, becauſe the Supreme Court of Judicature, now Engliſh, was there. Thoroughly verſed in all the affairs of the Province, his preſence at Calcutta was a conſiderable advantage to the Supreme Council, as they could have recourſe to him in all matters of difficulty for advice; and happy had it been both for the government and the natives, if the advice of that mild and gentle ſtateſman, had been more fully attended to: but it did not always coincide with the views of the Governor-general and the Chief Juſtice.

Nunducomar felt for the oppreſſion of a people whom he loved, and by whom he was beloved. He was bold enough to charge the Governor-general with peculation in his Government, and had undertaken to make his charges good —his rank and intereſt, his character for probity and uprightneſs, rendered him

him truly formidable to the Governor. It was neceſſary he ſhould be removed, but this muſt be done with an appearance of juſtice. No ſedition, no rebellion could be proved againſt him; but a charge of forgery was ſet up about a bond tranſacted ſeveral years back; a crime if proved, not capital by any laws exiſting in India. He was generally believed to be innocent: he was however indicted, tried and condemned upon the ſtatute law of England.

When condemned, every effort was made to ſave his life—petition upon petition was made by his family—by his tribe—by the titular Nabob of Bengal—and by ſome of the members of the Supreme Council, that his execution might be deferred, and an opportunity given him of appealing to the King of Great Britain: all was in vain. Nunducomar was hanged in terrorem to others, that

that they might not dare to complain of their oppreſſors.

Thus much for the affair of Nunducomar, as it was related in India. How it will appear if brought under examination in England, muſt be left to futurity. Eliza, is, I dare ſay, convinced, that this affair muſt ſtrike conſiderable terror into timid minds, and keep many a mouth ſhut, that otherwiſe would have opened. I will now proceed with my own affairs.

I have hitherto been ſilent about Clarinda, it is time to bring her forward. She who had been the companion of my travels, ſufferings and impriſonments, now withdrew her affections from me. I had the fulleſt proofs of her infidelity. We parted, and did not ſpeak to each other for more than a year before I left India.

Weary of reſiding in India, though the fineſt country in the world, I ſighed for old England; and having gained,

what I thought property ſufficient, I communicated my mind to Col. Baſtion, my patron—My wiſhes coincided with his, he had the thoughts of returning himſelf in two years, and wanted a friend to tranſact ſome preparatory buſineſs for him. I undertook to do it—embarked for England—was taken by a French Privateer, and carried into Martinique, from whence providence has brought me under your hoſpitable roof."

Powell and his Eliza, thanked our Hero for this varniſhed tale, and from ſeveral parts of it were ready to conceive their gueſt was a man of great accompliſhments. This was the nail he wiſhed to drive wherever he had a *ſhift* to make, or a trick to play; and he was determined not to leave St. Vincents, without a ſample of the good of the land.

Mr. Powell was an intelligent inquiſitive man, and was glad to obtain information of all he converſed with, particularly

cularly perſons who had travelled. "Sir," ſaid he, to Leger, "a man of your penetration and induſtry, muſt have acquainted yourſelf with, and made many remarks upon India, and its affairs: I ſhall be much obliged to you, if you will give us ſome information about that almoſt unknown to us part of the world.

"No man in the world," ſaid Leger, more capable than myſelf—the nature of my profeſſion gave me an opportunity of knowing affairs at Calcutta; and the many journeys which I made Inland, gave me an opportunity of reconoitring the interior parts of the provinces—it was my conſtant cuſtom to take notes of all I ſaw or heard that was worthy notice, and from them, at my leiſure, to draw up my memorandum and remarks. I will fetch from my port-folio, a paper which contains a ſuccinct account of India."

They thankfully accepted the propoſal—Leger fetched his paper, and read as follows.

"That great continent of the Eaſt, called Hindoſtan, ſeems peculiarly favoured by the great Author of our being, for producing in abundance, the moſt uſeful and precious gifts of nature. There is nothing which mankind ſets a value on for uſe, rarity, or delight, that is not produced in thoſe happy regions. A man may ſpeak truth of them in the language of romance, and high ſtrained metaphor; for it is not in the power of words, or in the compaſs of language to do juſtice to them.

The purity of the air is ſuperior to that which has been ſo much boaſted of by ſome, namely, the South of France, and ſome parts of Italy: There are three never failing natural cauſes which render what is generally called the warm ſeaſon, temperate. By the warm ſeaſon is meant

our

our ſummer and autumn; during which time, the wind almoſt invariably blows from the ſouth weſt, as it does in the winter and ſpring, from the north-eaſt. During the ſummer and autumn months, the wind is generally more briſk than in the winter and vernal months, which ſeems deſigned by Providence to cool the air and leſſen the heat; which otherwiſe would be extremely troubleſome, from the vertical ſituation of the Sun, when between the equator and the tropic of cancer.

Another great cauſe of rendering the air cool in theſe months, is the tornado's which prevail at intervals: they ariſe ſuddenly, and blow violently for half an hour, ſometimes an hour, from the north-weſt; during which time, the rain deſcends in torrents, and the whole ſubſides as ſuddenly as it commenced; when the wind returns to its old quar-

ter, ſouth weſt, and leaves an agreeable coolneſs in the air, for two or three days.

The third natural cauſe is, what is called the rainy ſeaſon: this commences generally about the tenth of June, and continues to the middle of autumn: the name given to this ſeaſon (of raining) might make perſons unacquainted with the country, ſuppoſe the rain to be inceſſant for that time; but this is not the caſe; the rain is not greater, or more conſtant than we generally have it in London, during the winter quarter; but the atmoſphere is clouded during the whole of this ſeaſon, which is not the caſe at any other time of the year; and this ſerves as a ſcreen to defend the inhabitants from exceſſive heat. Theſe three cauſes render the air ſufficiently temperate and healthful in Bengal, and throughout Hindoſtan: the air alſo acquires an additional degree of ſalubrity from the ſea breezes, in thoſe parts which border upon the ſea.

As for that ſeaſon which commences in October, and ends in April, called in India, the winter monſon, during which time, the wind blows from the north-eaſt; it is impoſſible to conceive a ſky more clear and temperate—more delightfully cool:—dews, fogs and miſts are ſo uncommon, that numbers ſleep in the open air throughout the year, except in the rainy ſeaſon, with perfect ſafety to their conſtitution.

The ſalubrity of the air contributes as much as the ſoil to diſtinguiſh this happy country, as the garden and paradice of nations; an appellation it had among the eaſtern people, from the remoteſt ages of antiquity.

The winged tribe, or light inhabitants of the air of India, are in flights more thronged and numerous, and in variety of ſpecies, far more different than in Europe: the variegated plum-

age of ſome, and the flavour and delicacy of the fleſh of others, is exquiſite.

The ſoil throughout the whole continent of Hindoſtan, is ſtrongly impregnated with various ſalts, particularly ſaltpetre, which endues it with ſuch a powerful vegetive force, that we ſee nothing in Europe which can convey an adequate idea of it: the ſaline exhalations of the earth are ſo ſtrong, that if a piece of leather be left on the ground for one night only, it will be found in the morning ſurred over with a light ſaline froth. This is the vital eſſence, the genial, phyſical, and never failing cauſe, which in all ages has, and in all ages to come, naturally muſt conſtantly furniſh and ſupply that exorbitant fœcundity, that luxuriant perpetual vegetation which fills the cornucopia of Hindoſtan, with all the choiceſt gifts of nature; and renders her the granary and magazine of the nations that ſurround her.

A man accuſtomed only to the ſickly harveſts, and ſtinted crops of Europe, will ſcarce believe that the rich and grateful ſoil of Hindoſtan, yields returns of thirty, ſometimes forty buſhels for one of grain ſown: and that they have two harveſts in the year. In many parts of Hindoſtan, which exceed others in fertility, the farmer has what they call a third or light harveſt. A traveller accuſtomed only to our European fields, when the ſtanding corn in this country is nearly ripe, is agreeably ſurpriſed and aſtoniſhed at the vaſt ſuperiority of theſe golden harveſts. The vigour and length of the ſtalk, the length and fullneſs of the ear, and other concommitant appearances of ſuperior growth and excellence, ſtrike his imagination with thoſe pleaſing ſenſations that plenty and abundance always create in the mind.

The ſame ſaline qualities of the earth impart a ſimilar vegetative force to all

kinds of trees, plants, roots and herbage, for uſe or ornament, in the field or garden, which grow in an infinite variety of ſpecies, and in abundance equal to their grains. The curious may wiſh to know, why in countries ſo abounding with every ſpecies of wealth, ſuch ſmall ſhells called cowries which paſs currently at the rate of four or five for one farthing, ſhould be held in any eſtimation among ſo wealthy a people? the reaſon is plain, a man may buy for one of theſe ſhells, a fallad, or greens enough in the Bazar, or markets, another will purchaſe as much fruit; and a third, as much pepper or ſpice, as will ſerve a family for a day or more, according to their conſumption. The plenty that every where abounds gave riſe to the neceſſity of ſuch a medium of exchange; and theſe induſtrious people were too wiſe to neglect the means.

There

There is a conſtant and a continual fluctuation in the value of theſe *cowries*, as there is daily in all their coins, diamonds, pearls, ſpices, drugs, and every other ſpecies of merchandize. Numbers of the lower claſs of bankers, and money dealers, carry on a conſidarable traffic in theſe ſhells, in which alſo a number of ſhips are employed to the Lackdives, which make very profitable voyages.——

CHAP. VII.

Continuation of Leger's *Memoir.*

"THE ſugar cane thrives in this fertile ſoil, to a degree far exceeding the beſt crops of the Weſt India Iſlands; and the province of Patna produces the beſt Opium in the world. It is in ſuch high eſtimation in the different kingdoms, that border on the ſtraights of Malacca, that the natives will have it at any price: and it is ſo much coveted throughout the vaſt Empire of China, that although the uſe of it is prohibited by law, the Magiſtrates are obliged to wink at its importation.

Their diamonds are ſo tranſcendently ſuperior to any others on earth, and ſo generally known to be ſo, that very little

tle is neceſſary to be ſaid in their favour. What is ſaid of diamonds, applies equally to pearls, rubies, ametnyſts, onyxes, ſapphires, and other precious ſtones. Theſe valuable foſſils are found in ſeveral parts of Hindoſtan, but more particularly in the Decan, and the ancient kingdom of Golconda, now called the Nizamut: perhaps more in conſequence of the induſtry and ſkill of the natives of theſe countries, than any peculiar quality in the ſoil, different from other parts of this great Peninſula: there are long chains of mountains, and conſiderable tracts of country in which they are found, and which are as inexhauſtible (perhaps more ſo) as the coal mines of Britain, or the marble quarries of Ferrara in Italy, though it is almoſt needleſs to ſay in leſs quantities.

Benares, an ancient, celebrated, and holy city, deemed ſo by the natives be-

cauſe

cauſe rich, is one of the greateſt marts in India, for this precious commerce.

The moſt valuable drugs for medicine and the purpoſes of dying, are in great abundance and high perfection throughout Hindoſtan: Spices and aromatic gums, make a conſiderable part of their commerce: and the ſilk worm, that moſt valuable inſect, no where thrives better, ſcarce any where ſo well. This important branch of commerce, both raw and manufactured, would be of itſelf, without the aid of any other, ſufficient to render a country infinitely leſs fertile and populous, both rich and powerful.

Here the foſſiliſt, the druggiſt, the naturaliſt, the botaniſt, and the lapidary, may find a profuſion of rich, rare and curious ſubjects for their various reſearches, ſuch as they can no where elſe meet with: theſe are reckoned amongſt the

the luxuries of life, and are become neceſſary by cuſtom and habit.

The infinite variety and abundance of the productions of the earth, particularly corn, roots and herbage, provide ſuſtenance for innumerable herds of well fed cattle. There are three or four different ſpecies of the Bos kind, which materially differ from the ſame ſpecies of animals in Europe: the ſame rule applies equally to ſheep and hogs. A man may form ſome idea of the plenty that univerſally reigns throughout this delightful continent; when he is told, that a large ox, and as fat as any ever ſold in Smithfield market, may be purchaſed in many parts of Hindoſtan, for twelve or fifteen ſhillings: a fat ſheep for eighteen pence or two ſhillings: a fat hog for half a crown: and fowls at the rate of ſixteen or eighteen for a ſhilling, as large, in general larger, than ſuch as we ſee in the poulterers ſhops in London.

This

This will lead us to form ſome idea of the extreme plenty and cheapneſs of beef, mutton, lamb, pork, veal, milk, butter, hides, tallow, eggs, &c. I have more than once been preſent, when decripid or aged perſons, have called on the wealthy for an Ox, to carry them journies, nor by way of loan, or hire, but as a gift, nor was it ever refuſed.

The Ox in this country, as in all others, is a very valuable animal: ſome of them are made light and nimble, though ſtrong and capable of enduring great fatigue: theſe they yoke and pair in carriages, called Hickeries, which they will draw for hours ſucceſſively, at the rate of eight miles an hour, ſometimes more: theſe are alſo uſed, in ſuch rural and laborious employment, as require diſpatch. Others are of the Buffalo kind, much larger, and ſtronger than our Oxen; theſe draw the plough, and are employed in ſuch concerns of huſ-

huſbandry, as require extraordinary ſtrength and exertions.

In Bengal, a common farmer can maintain himſelf and family, for three pounds ten ſhillings a year: and a ſervant, in huſbandry, can have board and lodging, in almoſt every part of the Continent, for thirty ſhillings a year: his annual labour, may be valued on the average, at leſs than five pounds a year: which labour is conſtant, except, during ſuch ſtated feſtivals, as cuſtom immorial, has eſtabliſhed for religious duties or paſtime, to relax and unbend the mind and body, which are buſily employed at all other ſeaſons; there not being a more active, ſober, ſteady, induſtrious, indefatigable race of men upon earth, than the common labourers and handicraftmen of Hindoſtan.

Cloathing is ſo little wanted and ſuch as is, being extreme cheap, that a trifle annu-

annually is ſufficient; ſo that a common labourer, may ſave out of his wages, three pounds a year: which in a country, where intereſt is allowed to be taken, at twenty-four per cent, often thirty, and thirty-five, and that paid monthly in the ratio of two per cent per month; one may form ſome idea, how ſoon ſmall ſums will accumulate with ſuch large compound intereſt.

Many abſurd and ridiculous practices, obtain in the religious ceremonies of many of the ſects of Hindoſtan; which has made ſome weak enough to ſuppoſe, the generality of theſe ingenious and civilized people, not ſuperior to drivellers and idiots.

As knaves in all countries will find dupes, there is no doubt of prieſtcraft having exerciſed its juggles amongſt the Hindoos, as well as *elſe where*: but whoever ſuppoſes that this people are more ſhackled with ſuperſtitious nonſenſe, than

ſome

ſome other nations, who affect to deſpiſe them; are egregiouſly miſtaken. On the contrary, were it neceſſary, it would not be difficult to ſhew, that the moſt prominent features of their religions, prove them the offspring of the wiſeſt policy, founded in the immutable laws of truth, guided by reaſon, and approved by the experience of ages loſt in antiquity.

They do not make idleneſs a religious duty, nor the art of *lying* a profitable calling; as is the caſe in other parts of the world: on the contrary, moſt of their religious opinions, ſeem ſubſervient to the true intereſt of the community: their eccleſiaſtics do not dream away their lives in ſloth, and eat the bread of idleneſs, hypocritically pretending to extraordinary humility, though lodged in palaces — to ſelf-denial and abſtinence, though living on the choiceſt food — to extreme poverty, though arbitrarily quartering

tering themſelves like military invaders on the public; not depending on precarious ſubſiſtence, which might ſecure their good behaviour; but like princes, levying taxes, from which they ſecure large revenues, and make no other return, but by contriving in their neat and well provided dormitories, which they call *cloyſtered cells*, how they can cheat mankind, not of their properties only, but of the common light of their underſtandings: impoſing ruſty iron, rotten ſticks, and bones, on their deluded proſelytes, for objects of devotion, ſanctity and worſhip.

The eccleſiaſtics of Hindoſtan, are not exempt or debarred, from the exerciſe of ſuch worldly employments, as not only contribute to the good of the community at large, but to the care, comfort and emolument of themſelves and families. It is true there are ſome knaves

knaves and enthuſiaſts, *but very few*, who by pretending to extraordinary ſanctity and devotion, endeavour to live in idleneſs; but the few who attempt ſuch impoſitions, are generally treated with ſcorn and ridicule: yet *their* abſurd pennances and prepoſterous opinions, have been obtruded on the Weſtern world, as the prevailing cuſtoms of Hindoſtan, to brand nations with the moſt ſtupid idiotiſm, whoſe civilization and arts, have been, and to this day continues to be, bright models for the reſt of mankind to copy after.

Some of their cuſtoms however, are abſurd and cruel, ſuch in particular is the burning of women, immediately after their huſbands death; that is, thoſe who the prieſts pretend voluntarily deſire it. The author ſaw one of theſe miſerable human victims, ſacrificed at the altar of unreaſonable jealouſy, and bloody

bloody prieſtcraft: and if one may be allowed to judge from the countenance and behaviour of a perſon in that horrid ſituation, ſhe betrayed the ſtrongeſt tokens, of reluctance, diſmay, and ſtupid intoxication.

This infernal pretended religious ſolemnity, begins to be diſcontinued in many parts of Hindoſtan; particularly the Carnatic, the Myſore dominions, and alſo moſt parts of the Malabar coaſt.

Our valuable empire in Hindoſtan, contains a population not eaſy to be computed: it is ſuppoſed, that the countries which are called the Bengal provinces, extending from the mouths of the Ganges, at the bottom of the Bey of Bengal, northweſtward, to the extreme boundary of Rohilcund, contains on a moderate calculation, above forty millions of people, which under a good govern-

government and equal laws, might be encreaſed by a ratio almoſt incredible. Theſe countries, in the opinion of ſome learned writers, were civiliſed and cultivated earlier than the famous empire of China."——

CHAP

CHAP. VIII.

Leger *boaſts his great Expectations in England.—Swindles* Powell *out of Five Hundred Pounds.—Makes a Shift for a free Paſſage Home.—Occurrences during the Voyage.*

LEGER having finiſhed reading his memoir; Mr. Powell thanked him in the moſt obliging terms, for the entertainment and information he had received. He paid our Hero many compliments on his induſtry and ſagacity, in collecting materials to form ſo inſtructing a paper. His ulogiums were received as a due debt: and Leger proceeded to inform him, that he had by his induſtry, and the advantage of having the beſt connections in India, collected an immenſity

menſity of information.—That the paper he had read, contained a very trifling part of that great fund of which he was poſſeſſed.—That no man in the world, knew and underſtood the affairs of India ſo well as himſelf. The ignorance of ſome, the idleneſs of others, and the rapacity of all, prevented them from gaining a proper knowledge of the country, or its affairs: but he poſſeſſed ſuch a plenitude of materials, all of his own collecting, that he was able to give the world the beſt topographical, political, and commercial account of India, it had ever ſeen: but he intended, before he publiſhed ſuch an account to the world, to direct the operations of his knowledge of India, in ſuch a way as ſhould make many of the Nabobs tremble."

This laſt ſentence was pronounced with ſo conſequential an air, that Mr. Powell and Eliza, looked at him with ſome degree of wonder and curioſity: he

perceived it, and resumed his subject with a smile of self-complacency—"My dear friends," said he, "I will explain myself to you—the misfortune of being captivated by the French, has deprived me of the little I brought out from India, and I am at present a dependant upon your hospitality: but the time will soon arrive, when it will be in my power to make you ample amends; and by all that is sacred I will do it!"

"Forbear, Mr. Seymour," said Mr. Powell, "you hurt our feelings by your promises; we consider the pleasure of your company and interesting conversation, as far surpassing in value, the little accommodations we have been able to give you." "You interrupt me Sir," said Leger, eagerly, "I was going to tell you, that you are not to judge of my power and affluence, by my present appearances and circumstances. I shall by and by move and act in my proper sphere;

ſphere ; and I ſhall be a dog of dogs if I forget my friends.

I told you, that not being avaricious, I had retired from India, with a fortune ſufficient to make me comfortable in Old England. You are not to infer from hence, that I have been content with mediocrity ; no, no, I aſſure you, I do not covet money for the ſake of poſſeſſing it, but of uſing it. I muſt live in ſtile, ſhine with eclat, and I have taken care to enable myſelf to do ſo. My friend and patron, Colonel Baſtion, on whoſe buſineſs I am now going to Old England, will convey my fortune with him thither, before the expiration of the next year ; a fortune, that will much more than qualify me for a ſeat in the Britiſh Senate.

The Colonel's intereſt in the county were he was born—the weight of his fortune, which is three hundred thouſand pounds—the property which he has in ſeveral Boroughs, in different parts of the

kingdom; all ſecure him a certainty of ſending into the houſe ten or twelve members; myſelf ſhall undoubtedly be one. We ſhall form a moſt powerful phalanx, to oppoſe, bear down, and overthrow the tyranny, oppreſſion and robbery, of that damned Monopoly, the Eaſt India Company, and its tools at home and abroad. It is for this, as well as to gratify an inquiſitive, active, induſtrious mind, that I have collected my information, and in this cauſe I ſhall uſe it with certain ſucceſs. The Monopoly ſhall be deſtroyed, the Ports of Hindoſtan ſhall all be open to every Engliſh merchant who chuſes to traffic there—and great Britain no longer be deprived of reſourſes amply ſufficient to ſupport her dignity, independent of her taxes."

Thus Anthony Leger vapoured away with an emphaſis and ſpirit, which he gave as a ſample of that fire and energy with which he deſigned to thunder in the

the Britiſh Senate. Mr. Powell and Eliza, heard him with attention and admiration, and already conſidered him as the Honourable Anthony Seymour. All things went as he could wiſh. He acquired their utmoſt confidence and reſpect, and had them fully in his power. He failed not on every occaſion, to entertain them with diſcourſes on his future proſpects, and with promiſes of certainly ſecuring lucrative eſtabliſhments in England or India, for all their male children, and moſt probable wealthy connections for their females. He ſhould be happy, extremely happy to cement the friendſhip of the families, by propoſing his own dear boys, who he ardently longed to ſee, as huſbands to two of Mr Powell's daughters, for he loved Jacob and Eliza, as his brother and ſiſter; but this happineſs depended on the young peoples inclinations.

An opportunity now offered for Leger to embark for England: the ſhip was nearly freighted, and was afterwards to ſail with the firſt fair wind. Having made his ground good thus far, it was time to make a *ſhift* for his paſſage, and for ſomething to ſubſiſt upon comfortably for awhile after his return. He began with enquiring, the reſidences of Mr. Powell's relations and friends, with promiſes to call upon them, and inform them of the happy weeks he had ſpent in St. Vincents. He offered to convey to their hands ſuch letters and preſents as ſhould be ſent; and above all, ſhould be peculiarly happy, if he could be ſerviceable to Mr. Powell, in tranſacting any affairs for him in London.

Mr. Powell thanked him for his kind offer, but ſaid, he had no occaſion to trouble him: for though there were remittances due to him now, and more would become ſhortly due, he ſhould leave

leave his agents to their own time, as he never had occaſion to complain of them. Beſides, Mr. Seymour would have ſufficient buſineſs of his own and his Patron's, without the needleſs trouble of his affairs. "My God!" ſaid Leger, "I never flinch from buſineſs: the more I have upon my hands the better, I have been half dead while here, for want of ſomething to do; I am never ſo happy, as when employed for myſelf or friends. If you want money, I will haſten your remittances, and any ſums more upon my own account, if you want them; for I expect remittances from India, prior to the Colonel's arrival." "You are too kind, good Mr. Seymour, but I do not want money, ſo ſhall not need to give you trouble." "Sir, I ſhall not take it kind," ſaid Leger, "if you will not ſuffer me, to intereſt myſelf in your affairs—however, I am determined to ſeek an opportunity to oblige you, whether you

will or no—in the mean time, you ſhall if you will, oblige me. The remittances I expect from India, will probably be in England before me, but who can command the wind and the weather, you know, they may be a month after me. In ſuch a caſe, I ſhall feel myſelf ſtraitened for the means to introduce myſelf into the Courts of Law in *ſtatu quo*.

I muſt take chambers, and furniſh them genteely, for one's clients love to ſee an appearance—I muſt pay off arrears due at Lincoln's Inn, of which I am a member, that I may poſſeſs the priviledges of that Inn of Court, which is the beſt in London—there are various other expenſes not needful to explain to you, as you do not underſtand law—I muſt alſo live in ſtile, in order to get into buſineſs—Attorneys muſt have Douceurs, that they may recommend briefs—now if my remittances are in time, all will be well—if not—why—I muſt

muſt have recourſe to my friends, and thank God I have many good ones.

But hang it—it does not look quite ſo well, to trouble one's friends juſt at landing, after a voyage from India hey! my dear madam—does it now (poking his noſe in Eliza's face, with a broad confidential grin) I dare ſay you ſee the propriety of my reaſoning? When once one is lanched into the world with ſome figure, and ſeemingly have the ball at one's foot; one may demand the ſervices of one's friends, without appearances hurting one's pride." Eliza aſſented, and ſaid, ſhe was ſure Mr. Powell would be very happy to accommodate Mr. Seymour, rather than any appearances at home ſhould injure him"

"I beg you will underſtand me, my dear madam, I mean not to be troubleſome to Mr Powell—I know the friendſhip both of you have for me—and that it would be eaſy for me with a finely

varniſhed tale to impoſe upon good nature, but may God curſe me if I do (and then he ſqueezed her hand) and the ſhip that is to convey me home, caſt me out into the Sea: I tell you the plain and ſimple fact, without gloſs or colouring."

Mr. Powell, who had ſet wondring at what he was driving, now ſpoke—— "I think Mr. Seymour, ſaid he, all this circumlocution is unneceſſary in ſuch a friendſhip as is commenced between us —why don't you frankly tell me in what I can ſerve you? you can have no reaſon in the world to doubt my willingneſs"— "My dear Mr. Powell," ſaid Leger, "I cannot bear the thought of being troubleſome—but your ſaying you did not want the money that lies in London, ſuggeſted the thought, that you might as well let a part of it be in my hands, as in the hands of your agents; and in caſe of the contingences I mentioned, it would be uſeful; but I hope to God

I ſhall not want it—I proteſt I would not have ſpoke a word of the affair, if you had not ſaid you did not want the money — I would have uſed my friends at home, and haſtened your agents to make their remittances to you.

To the point then, give me your order or orders, upon your agents in town for a cool five-hundred, and I will give you my bond to replace it in ſix months—or if you want any part, or even the whole of it ſooner, your bills drawn on Anthony Seymour, Eſq. Hill Street, Berkley Square, will be duly honoured. Your letters of friendſhip muſt be directed there, as it will always be my reſidence out of term, my Chambers being only for my Clerks to attend buſineſs: and as I ſhall certainly be in the Houſe, Hill Street is in all reſpects an eligible ſituation—I wrote from India to a friend to ſecure me a houſe there."

Powell's heart miſgave him, the ſum was much more than he expected would have been aſked, but he had gone too far—he had ſaid he did not want money—he had declared his willingneſs to ſerve his friend—he knew not how to draw back—he was aſhamed to raiſe expectations and daſh them immediately—the emotions of his mind made him turn pale, and he was ready to faint away.

Leger perceived it, and concluded his *ſhift* had failed him, he however determined to try what perſeverance could effect——Eliza too perceiving him not well, ran to him, and with endearing tenderneſs requeſted to know the cauſe of his illneſs? he recovered himſelf a little, and ſaid a ſudden qualm had come over him, requeſted her to help him to a cordial, and that he might retire to reſt—he hoped his friend Seymour would excuſe his retiring—to-morrow he ſhould be better, and able

to

to reſume the ſubject: he accordingly withdrew, and Eliza attended him.

When they were alone, Mr. Powell confeſſed to Eliza the cauſe of his ſickneſs, and owned he had his fears that every thing was not quite right with regard to this new friend Seymour—the magnitude of the ſum which was only to ſupply a few contingences, alarmed him—they therefore entered into a free diſcuſſion of matters.

They took a retroſpect of his conduct ever ſince he had been on the Iſland, but he had been ſo wary, and had ſo well aſſimulated himſelf in appearance, to their taſte and ſentiments, that they found no cauſe of ſuſpicion on this head: they conſidered his narrative—his anecdotes—his whole converſation—in theſe indeed there appeared ſomething of the marvellous, and not a little of the rhodomontade—but this they accounted for from the warmth, eagerneſs, and vivacity of his temper—they perceived too

that

that he was proud and conſequential—but this was natural to men of a buſtling diſpoſition, eſpecially if they had pleaſing expectations—Mr. Powell recollected the ſtory of the Old Bailey—it touched his paſſions—the dream of the Baſhaw's ſtables—and being very ſuperſtitious about thoſe matters, he thought it a ſeal of truth. Again, if he really had the expectations he had told them, his friendſhip was valuable for the ſake of their children, and he had always warmly eſpouſed their intereſt—and to refuſe this loan, would break all friendſhip after a declaration of not wanting money, and a profeſſion of willingneſs to ſerve. On the whole, they agreed to let the matter reſt, and wait the iſſue of the next converſation.

Leger had alſo turned the mattter in his mind, he was well aware that the ſum he had aſked, had created the alarm—he wiſhed he had been more moderate; but as matters were, he was determined to

to carry his point. He had a couple of good unſuſpecting ſouls to deal with, and it would not be very difficult to remove the preſent alarm—ſo he truſted to the promptneſs of his own wit and ingenuity to carry him through the next converſation.

The next day Mr. Powell was abroad all the forenoon, to viſit the ſeveral parts of the Plantation. Leger ſtaid at home to ſift Eliza, and find out which way the wind blew—he was much concerned for Mr. Powell's indiſpoſition: Was he ſubject to thoſe qualms?—Had any thing happened to make him unhappy?—he loved him as his own brother, and ſhould be wretched for his family ſake, ſhould any thing happen to his health — eſpecially as he himſelf ſhould ſoon be removed from them, and not able to render them that ſervice their affairs on the Iſland might make neceſſary.

Eliza

Eliza aſſured him Mr. Powell roſe in the morning quite well—that ſhe hoped to ſee him at dinner the better for his little tour: that he enjoyed upon the whole a good ſhare of health, that though they regretted the loſs of their good Mr. Seymour, there was no proſpect of ſoon having ſo melancholly an occaſion for his preſence.

Leger thought ſhe topped part well, for a ſimpleton, for ſuch he thought all honeſt and undeſigning perſons. He would frequently in converſation, remark on the diſpenſations of providence in ordaining the weaker animals to be the prey of the ſtronger—in multiplying the number of the former ſo much more than the latter--in enduing the latter with craft and ſubtilty to catch, as well as power to deſtroy their prey—he ſeemed to think that by analogy, providence had appointed the ſimpletons, as he called them, as the proper prey of ſuch

ſharks

ſharks as himſelf: at leaſt he acted as though he thought ſo.

Mr. Powell returned, and after ſuitable enquiries and congratulations on the part of Leger—they went to dinner — that over and the cloth drawn, they ſat down to the bottle, and Leger began as follows.

" I am afraid my dear friend, that your indiſpoſition yeſterday, was in ſome meaſure owing to me, I can pretty well read mankind, but never mind it—if I have diſtreſſed you, I will relieve you. The ſum I aſked, is more than you expected would be required; and your honour was engaged, becauſe you had promiſed to ſerve me. But never mind it—it will not diſtreſs me, it will only put me upon a poſſibility of applying where my pride wiſhes to ſhew independence—the Chancellor of England was my ſchool-fellow—my fellow collegian

legian—and after we came out into the world, we were on moſt intimate terms, until I went to India—I was alſo well with the Maſter of the Rolls, for the chief of my buſineſs lay in Chancery. Either of them, I dare ſay, will advance me the ſum, if I want it; but I hope to God I ſhall not—beſide I ſhould not have thought of propoſing it to you, but you ſaid you did not want your money, and I make no doubt but you have more than double that ſum in London."

"Indeed, ſir," ſaid the innocent Mr. Powell, "you have hit the nail on the head; as to the ſum, it rather ſurpriſed me; but perhaps that is owing to my ignorance of your affairs. I had thought of a hundred or two, and in the ſincerity of my heart made you the offer of my ſervice." "I thank you my dear friend," ſaid Leger, "your love is ſtill the ſame, and ſhall be as highly valued by

by me. But your ſervice would not profit me—if my remittance does not come in time, I muſt try the Chancellor, for a ſmaller ſum will not ſuit the plan I have formed, and which appears to me to be neceſſary to my expectations.

The determined air with which the laſt ſentence was pronounced, fully ſtamped on Powell's mind, an idea of the man of conſequence, and he began to repent that he had demurred: the name of the Chancellor, and the Maſter of the Rolls, dazzled him—the thought of his ſons lucrative appointments—his daughters advantageous marriages, determined him, though with ſome reluctance, to preſs the money on his ſuppoſed friend.

"My dear friend," ſaid Mr. Powell, "ignorance muſt plead an excuſe for your humble ſervant—unacquainted with the expenſe of the plan you had neceſſarily formed, I demurred from principles

ciples of prudence; but twice the ſum, aſſured as I am now by your information, if it was neceſſary, ſhould not be wanting, for as I ſaid, I am not in preſent neceſſity for my money.

"My dear Mr Powell," ſaid Leger, that is enough for me—if you do not want the money immediately, it may be of ſervice to me, and it may not; be that as it will, I like to be provided for contingences, and whether I uſe your money or not, will pay you the lawful intereſt for it—and if ever you want a ſum when I come in play, depend upon it you ſhall never be at a loſs: but by the way, if ſuch a demur had happened, where I had not ſuch a perfect friendſhip, I ſhould have flown off, and not accepted it—for, Lord, how ſhould you planters know the ſcope of life at large."

"Well, Mr. Seymour," ſaid Powell, "we will cut ths matter ſhort—my Attorney ſhall draw up the bond, and I will

give

give you my draughts upon my agents, for the ſum you requeſt." "And you," ſaid Leger, "may as certainly depend on the repayment of it.

The money matters were ſettled—the day of ſailing came—and theſe friends took leave of each other.—Mr. Powell and his family, with real affection and good wiſhes; and Anthony Leger, Eſq. with a ſemblance of them: very contented in his own mind, that he had made ſo good a harveſt upon that Iſland, and very happy to think they would not find Anthony Seymour, Eſq. in Hill-ſtreet Berkley-ſquare.

The ſhip ſailed, and the wind was fair all the voyage, ſo that nothing remarkable happened as to weather—Leger was therefore perfectly at leiſure to cultivate an acquaintance with the Captain, who thought him a very agreeable companion.

It ſo happened, that the Captain was then engaged in a lawſuit, the moſt lucky circumſtance in the world for our man of *ſhifts*. Converſation with a gentleman of the law, naturally led the Captain to open the budget about his own affairs: he did ſo, and Leger aſſured him, his cauſe was good, but that he was in bad hands, and that if the Captain would commit it to his conduct, from the great regard he had for him, for his civility during the voyage, he would carry him through, for a very trifle more than he was to pay for the voyage.

"The devil you will, ſays the Captain, but pray what will that trifle amount to, for I am yet at a loſs, to know what a lawyer's trifle is? I have paid trifle after trifle, and I have trifles ſtill to pay, and yet I am never the nearer; and if I begin to trifle with you, I do not know but you may be as great a trifler as any. Let me

me know what you will carry me through for, and then perhaps I may ſtrike a bargain?" "You ſhall give me," ſaid he, "twenty pounds, and my paſſage, and if I don't finiſh your job, may the devil fetch me."

"And the devil ſhall fetch you and me too, if I do," ſaid the Captain, "for if you carry my affairs through with as much eaſe as you pretend you can, I think I ſhall act very generous by you, if I make you free for your paſſage, and give you the full run of my cabbin." "A fiddle dee dee for the run of your cabbin," ſaid Leger, "what Captain beſide yourſelf, but would be glad of the company and converſation of a gentleman during a voyage, though at the expenſe of a few bottles of wine?—curſe the wine, the ſhip's beer will do well enough for me, and I have rum ſufficient with me: but Captain, you are an injured man, and I hate oppreſſors,

ſors, as I hate the devil: put your cauſe into my hands, and never fear, in one term after we land, you ſhall have your enemy full in your power—I do not pretend to dictate to you, but it will be your fault if you do not ſqueeze him."

"Well," ſaid the Captain, "If you bring me off cleverly, I ſhall not mind making you a trifling preſent, but I will not be bound as to the ſum." "God love your heart," ſaid Leger, I intereſt myſelf ſo much in the affair, that I will do the ſame for you, as if you was my brother, though you ſhould not give me a farthing: ſo the bargain was made, and this *ſhift* ſecured him a paſſage, without pay.

Every day, this lawſuit was the ſubject of converſation, till the Captain, who was moſt intereſted, was quite tired of it. At other times, he entertained the Captain with his own great exploits in Europe, Africa, Aſia, and America, with his

his great proſpects, now he was returning home, and the great conſequence he ſhould be of, when he arrived.

He was one day walking the deck with the Captain, and holding forth with great vehemence, on his conſequence and dignity, when he pronounced with an elevated voice, and determined tone, "By God, I tell you Captain, before ſix months expire, I ſhall ſit in the Houſe of Commons." Two of the ſailors eyed him with attention, when one of them ſaid to the other: "I think I have ſeen that ſwaggering fellow before." "Seen him by God, yes, ſo have I, and I'll tell you where;" "Where, Jack?" ſaid the other: "Why damn you, Tom, you remember the Farthing Pye-houſe, in Marybone fields—you and I, you know, ſtrolled that way in a frolic, when this ſame gentleman-like fellow, was forced to ſtrip himſelf of his ſhoes, and knee-buckles, and pull off his ſhirt, to leave them for the reck-

oning." "O yes, Jack, I remember it well by this token—he had been drinking gin and water there, for near a fortnight, had ſpent all his caſh, and ſlept under the benches—and when he ſtripped off his ſhirt, the maid took it up with the tongs to put it into a tub of water, it was ſo damned naſty, ſhe could not touch it with her hands."

This tale run through the ſhip like lightning, and the ſhirt and tongs, was the ſubject of hearty laughter, whenever he walked the deck: the frequent repetition of it, and the peals of laughter it occaſioned, excited the Captain's curioſity, when an honeſt tar told him the whole ſtory before Leger's face. Our Hero curſed and ſwore moſt bitterly—declared it was an infamous lye, and that he would proſecute the author for abuſe and ſcandal. "Aye maſter," ſays Jack, "ſo do, if you can catch me on ſhore; but I intend to make another voyage to the Weſt Indies

Indies, before you have redeemed your ſhirt, or paid for the waſhing of it."

The Captain queſtioned him cloſely on the ſubject, but he ſtoutly denied the whole. The men were commanded ſilence, and Leger avoided as much as poſſible walking on the deck.

CHAP. IX.

Leger's *Arrival in England*—Edwards *ſets off for India—Dies at the Cape*—Leger *marries Rufa—A Night Scene in Town.*

THE ſhip was bound for London, but put into Plymouth to procure ſome neceſſaries. Our Hero longed to be on Engliſh ground, he therefore quitted the ſhip, and after promiſing to ſee the Captain when he got up the river; he ſet off for London. Of caſh he had but little, and his draughts were negociable no where but in town. He had therefore recourſe to ſtratagems, to travel for a little money, and by bilking the ſtage coachmen, and inn-keepers on the road, he got to town with money in his pocket.

The

The next day after his arrival, he went to a coffee-houſe in Fleet-ſtreet, in queſt of his former friend, Counſellor Edwards. He was lucky enough to find him there, and they agreed to ſpend the reſt of the day together: their former friendſhip was renewed, with mutual promiſes of rendering each other all the ſervice in their power. It was Edwards's turn to begin theſe reciprocal acts of friendſhip in ſubſtance, while Leger took care not to be behind hand in promiſes. Edwards provided him a lodging, and furniſhed him with caſh to equip himſelf with genteel clothes; this done, he preſented Mr. Powell's draughts, and poſſeſſed himſelf of the five hundred pounds.

He had a little before he left India, remitted to a Banker in London, a draught for two hundred pounds, on the Bank at Amſterdam. He went to the Banker, expecting to receive the money,

but to his great diſappointment, found the draught had been proteſted and returned. This little check, in ſome meaſure broke his ſcheme, which was to make a figure, as a means of throwing himſelf in the way of good luck; and ſeven hundred pounds fitted his plan better than five. He ſent back the draught to India to his Patron, who got it paid, and brought the money with the reſt of Leger's property with him to England.

Edwards we have obſerved was called to the bar at the ſame time with our Hero, but had met with ſo little encouragement, that he muſt have ſunk to a degree of poverty more diſtreſſing than that out of which Leger had formerly delivered him, as he had now a wife and child. As the bar could not ſupport him, he had recourſe to his pen, and trafficked in paragraphs for the newspapers.

We

We have obſerved before, that his abilities were not ſolid, but ſuperficial: he had however, a redundancy of brilliant and ſounding phraſes, which he put together in a pleaſing manner: he was alſo a rapid writer, and could do double the work of ſome other writers in the ſame time: by this means he preſerved himſelf from abſolute poverty.

A political ſquabble had taken place between a certain General, who had commanded in North America, and a noble Lord, in oppoſition to the then meaſures of Government. This ſquabble was carried on in pamphlets, and in the newspapers: Edwards embraced this opportunity of procuring a Patron, and enliſted under his Lordſhip's banner. He wrote for him ſo ſucceſsfully, that the adverſe writer became furiouſly angry, and challenged Edwards to decide it by the ſword. The combatants met—they fought—Edwards was wounded, but not

mortally—he diſarmed his antagoniſt, and bore off the palm of victory, to the immortal honour of himſelf and Lord.

The ſucceſs of his writing and his ſword, ſecured him the favour of his noble Patron; he was ever after very much his friend. He was now alſo more extenſively known among the printers and publiſhers, and his abilities recommended him to the Editor of a paper, which profeſſes to give at large, the debates of both houſes. He was accordingly entered into the corps of reporters, and attended the houſe in that capacity, for the weekly ſalary of two guineas. His retentive memory, and ready knack of fabricating ſpeeches of noble Lords, and right honourable gentlemen, made him a valuable acquiſition to his employer, and produced him ſome douceurs beſide his weekly pay.

Moſt of his leiſure time was ſpent at the coffee-houſe, in company with his friend

friend Leger, who was perpetually entertaining him with accounts of the Eaſt Indies, until his ideas were ſo fired with the proſpect of amaſſing wealth in a ſhort time, that he determined to go, and when he had got into ſome eſtabliſhment there, to ſend for his wife and child. Some of his friends endeavoured to diſſuade him, and even Leger himſelf, though he had been the means of inſpiring the phrenzy, joined with them.

The reaſon for attempting to diſſuade him, was the uncommon irraſcibility of his temper, which they conceived would either prove his deſtruction before he got to India, or hinder his promotion there. No perſuaſion could have the leaſt influence upon him, go he would, and like the Hero, whoſe example had ſtimulated, he would go by land; but this Leger overruled, being certain he would never get out of Europe alive, and there was a

chance he might be borne with in an Engliſh ſhip.

His Patron was made acquainted with his deſign, he approved of it, gave him pecuniary aſſiſtance, and letters of recommendation from himſelf, and procured him others. His other friends did the like, and he ſailed for India, with proſpects as fair as an adventurer could deſire: but what his friends feared came to paſs. His hot and haſty diſpoſition involved him in continual broils on board, and he fell in a duel, at the Cape of Good Hope, in conſequence of them.

We return to our Hero, his head was ſo full of the return of his Patron, and of the glorious opportunity of diſplaying his oratorical powers in St. Stephen's Chapel, that he looked above the bar. He took the leaſe of a houſe a few miles from town, he furniſhed this houſe, and took up his reſidence in it—waiting in hope, for the important day of his exal-

tation.

tation. One ſhip arrived, and no Colonel Baſtion; another, and another ſtill brought diſappointment. At laſt, news came, that the Colonel could not arrive until the next ſeaſon. This perplexed him, the five hundred pounds was diminiſhing apace, ſo faſt, as not to hold out until his arrival: ſome *ſhift* was therefore neceſſary to eke matters out.

Among the acquaintance he had made ſince his arrival from India, was an old widow and her daughter, who lived in one of the villages in the vicinity of London, and let out lodgings. This woman, when young, had been nurſe to, and tucked up the feet of an old invalid, who, at his death, left her poſſeſſed of moſt of his wealth. She married, had this daughter, and buried her huſband. The warmth of her conſtitution, diſpoſed her to a ſecond match; which being known pretty well, *a man of ſhifts* took compaſſion upon her, hired a good ſuit

of clothes, and preſenting himſelf to her, offered his ſervice. He paſſed himſelf upon her, for a gentleman of ſome property in houſes, and directed her for enquiry, to the tenants of thoſe houſes, whom he had diſpoſed to confirm the falſhood. She liked his perſon, for he was rather handſome: ſhe married him, and to her great mortification, found ſhe was bit.

This gentleman was neither more nor leſs than a footman, who had been diſcarded for his irregularities: no houſe was he poſſeſſed of, or money. She had his debts to pay, and even the hire of the clothes in which he wooed her. Happily for her, his debaucheries had brought on him diſeaſes, which ſoon removed him, but not before he had helped off ſome of her money: ſhe however had a few hundreds left, with the intereſt of which, and the profits of her lodgings, ſhe lived comfortably.

Her

Her daughter was a little red headed girl about ſeventeen, whom we ſhall call Rufa. Upon her, Leger pretended to ſet his affections: the truth was, he intended by marrying the daughter, to compaſs the mother's money. The treaty commenced, he concealed his preſent poverty, and expatiated very largely on his expectations, and the profits of his profeſſion, as a Counſellor. Rufa's mother could give but very little with her daughter, but that Leger ſaid was no objection to him, he married for love, and had, or ſoon ſhould have, money enough of his own. The honour of being a Counſellor's lady, dazzled both the mother and the daughter: the treaty was concluded, and the marriage publickly ſolemnized, but not before the old woman, made wary by having been once bit, ſecured her property in truſt for herſelf and her daughter, without Leger's knowledge.

A very little while after marriage, he began to manœvre to come at the old woman's caſh: he propoſed a variety of ſchemes to lay out the money to the beſt advantage, even to improve it more than double; which he as a lawyer, was better able to do than any man beſide. The old woman parried off all his friendly propoſals, for a while, profeſſing herſelf contented with matters, as they were. Leger at laſt began to grow outrageous, he damned her for an old fool, to be content with little, when ſhe might have more; ſaid that he would tranſact all her buſineſs for her, and it ſhould not coſt her a halfpenny;—that he was the beſt friend ſhe had in the world, and if ſhe did not follow his advice, ſhe would repent it.

She was ſtill contented, and did not wiſh for any alteration in her affairs: "Then damn you, madam, ſaid he, I do, I am intereſted in your affairs, and have

a

a right to ſee that they are properly managed, I have that right by my wife. She is pregnant: I may have a large family, and I ought, and will ſee that matters are conducted for the benefit of my family." After much ſtorming and ſwearing, ſhe at laſt told him it was out of his power, or even hers, to make any alteration;—that her property was in truſt for herſelf and her daughter;—that ſhe could touch nothing but the intereſt of it; nor could his wife after her deceaſe, the principal being reſerved for her children. He turned pale, then red then pale again alternately: rage at laſt almoſt choaked him, when curſing her for an old fool, he flung out of the houſe as if he had been bit by a ſerpent.

The weight of his wrath when he went home, deſcended upon Rufa, who from that moment was prohibited all intercourſe with her mother; and her life for ſome time was one continued ſcene of ſtorm

ſtorm and tempeſt. She was continually rated with the repetition of the great things he would have done for her, and for her children, if the old fool her mother, and ſhe had not colleagued to outwit him.

To be thus out-witted by an old woman, was more than his pride could ſupport: for him who never ſurrendered the palm of ſharping to any one, to be duped by one whoſe underſtanding he deſpiſed, tormented him paſt bearing: beſides the dilemma he was thrown into by this diſappointment, was exceeding great, for his finances could not hold out long. He reſolved to ſooth his ſorrows by drinking; he put forty pounds into his pocket, took his gold watch and gold headed cane, and off he ſet for London, half drunk with madneſs, before he applied to liquor.

After having ſufficiently heated himſelf with liquor, he ſallied forth into the ſtreet,

ſtreet, in ſearch of adventures: paſſing a houſe of a certain deſcription, he ſaw the door open, and walked in without ceremony: he found company of both ſexes, and all very jovial, and joined them as though they had been old acquaintance: he choſe his dulcinea, and ſat down to be merry: glaſs ſucceeded to glaſs, which added to vexation, and the liquor he had drank before, made him quite mad: a quarrel enſued, in which affray, he was conſiderably bruiſed about the head. Drink, paſſion and fighting, had exhauſted nature, ſo that he fell into a profound ſleep. When he awaked from it, he found himſelf laid on the ſtone ſtep of a door, but whether that of the houſe he had entered, was more than he could tell; one thing was certain, his pockets were emptied of the forty pounds; and the gold watch and gold headed cane were abſent alſo.

As

As his wounds were painful, he knocked up the firſt ſurgeon he could come at, to get them dreſſed. He told a pitiful ſtory of being knocked down in the ſtreet—ſaid that he ſaw no one near when he felt the blow, but that in falling, he had a confuſed idea of two or three men being by him—that he could not tell how long he had lain ſenſeleſs—that when he recovered, he found that he had been robbed, and ſuppoſed the rogues left him for dead. The ſurgeon dreſſed his wounds, ordered a fire to be lighted, and permitted him to ſit by it until morning.

This loſs and damage, terminated this drinking bout almoſt as ſoon as it began; for the condition he was in, as wounded in the fray, determined him for home, where he endeavoured to excite pity, by a repetition of the tale he had told the ſurgeon. His neceſſary confinement at home on this occaſion, gave him time to cool

cool upon the vexation and disappointment he had met with as to the old woman's money; and his own finances, and the length of time yet to come for the Colonel's arrival, made it necessary to patch up a peace with her at any rate.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Colonel Baſtion *arrives and dies*—Leger's *Diſtreſs — Night Scene at Folkſtone— Dialogue with* Rufa's *Mother.*

RUFA drew near her time of delivery, and Leger's money and credit were both exhauſted. An execution was entered upon his houſhold goods, and they were ſold by public auction. Rufa's mother was informed of her deſtitute ſituation, and ſent for her home to her own houſe to lie in, but abſolutely refuſed home and harbour for him; he therefore was left to *ſhift* for himſelf, being only permitted to call now and then to enquire after his wife's health, a circumſtance which gave him very little uneaſineſs,

uneaſineſs, as it delivered him from all care or expenſe about the mother and the child; and left him free from animadverſions on his conduct, as he could keep them in perfect ignorance of all his affairs. He did ſo, for he concealed from them even the place of his lodging.

The Purſer of the ſhip Colonel Baſtion came home in, brought news to the India-houſe of her arrival in the Downs, and that the Colonel had landed at Dover, very ill of a billious fever; ſo ill, that his death was hourly expected. This was ſoon known at the Coffee-houſes, and Leger's heart leaped for joy, as he expected to receive the effects he had left behind him in India: that joy was however greatly damped on account of the Colonel's bad health, as his death would cut off all his hopes of being a Senator and a man of conſequence. It became neceſſary for him to go down to Dover to meet his Patron, but he had

had no money to bear the expenſes of the journey.

In this exigency he had recourſe to Rufa's mother, and entering the houſe with triumphant exultation, exclaimed, "The Colonel is arrived, he is landed at Dover—I ſhall now be a man again: —but he is ill, very dangerouſly ill, and I muſt ſet off for Dover this night to ſee him. Lend me five guineas to bear my expenſes: I ſhall ſoon be able to lend you fifty or a hundred. The old woman poſitively refuſed. She remembered the proverb, Old birds are not caught with chaff: he had ſeveral times before borrowed ſmall ſums of her on various pretences, of which ſhe had never ſeen the accompliſhment: ſhe looked upon the preſent application, to be of the ſame nature; and no entreaties or perſuaſions, could move her to part with a ſingle ſhilling, for ſhe believed not a ſyllable of his tale.

Leger

Leger now mortifyingly felt the truth of another adage, "That lyars are not believed when they ſpeak the truth." He ſwore and proteſted by all that is ſacred in heaven or earth, the matter was as he informed her. He referred her to the public papers, but the old woman could not read, nor did ſhe think it worth her while to enquire: for ſuppoſing it truth, that the Colonel was arrived, ſhe had her doubts concerning Leger's property being in his hands. When he found entreaties would not do, he raved, he ſtormed, he ſwore he was ruined if he did not ſee the Colonel alive, as it would then be very uncertain when, (if ever) he ſhould have his money. She was immoveable, as ſhe conſidered him ruined already; and the charges of a lying-in ſtared her in the face: ſo ſhe coolly told him ſhe ſhould ſoon have occaſion for that five guineas on account of his wife.

What

What a deſpicable and unhappy ſituation do thoſe perſons fall into, whoſe frequent, and ſtrongly atteſted falſehoods deſtroy all belief of their aſſertions. Could this woman have placed the leaſt confidence in him, ſhe had every motive in the world to induce her to lend him the money. He left her, and for ſeveral days tried all his acquaintances, but no where could his credit command five guineas. At laſt he met with one not ſo well acquainted with him as thoſe he had applied to before, who was moved by his tale, and thinking it very hard, as indeed it was, that he ſhould loſe the preſent opportunity, advanced him the money, and he ſet off immediately for Dover.

When he arrived at Dover, he heard that his Patron had died the day before, that his Lady had immediately ſent off an expreſs to his Executors, to inform them that ſhe had ſealed up all his effects

trunks and boxes, after taking out of them whatever ſhe pleaſed, and had ſet off for London that morning, with three poſt chaiſes loaded with her plunder. The reaſon of this ſtrange conduct it ſeems was this, ſhe had found the Colonel's will, by which all his wealth, except a few Legacies, devolved to his natural daughter, and that ſhe herſelf was not ſo much as mentioned in it.

This fatal news almoſt deranged poor Leger's mental ſyſtem, he was at firſt ſtupid, and afterward frantic with grief: he curſed the old beldam his mother-in-law, and all his acquaintance who refuſed him money, and prevented his ſeeing the Colonel alive. But he forgot to curſe his own lying tongue which had wrought him all this miſchief. From frantic grief he ſubſided to ſullen melancholy, and had recourſe to his old conſolation, drink, which confirmed his ſtupefaction.

In this condition he wandered about Dover, from one pot-houſe to another; drinking until totally overpowered with liquor, he ſunk down into dead ſleep. And as ſoon as he awoke, he began to pour down liquor until ſleep ſucceeded again. This horrid life he lived for ſeveral days, ſleeping on benches and tables in the houſes where he kept up his intoxications; until in one of them, they emptied his pockets while he was aſleep, greaſed his face, and blacked it with ſoot; and when he awoke, turned him out of doors.

He complained of the loſs of his money and other ill-uſage, and demanded reſtitution, but this expoſed him to further abuſe; the boat-men and rabble, which frequent ſuch houſes, joſtled him, beat him, and handled him ſo roughly, that he was obliged to ſheer off. Sleep had nearly ſobered him, and want of money prevented his getting intoxicated again.

again. He left Dover, and not caring whither he went, he wandered to Folkſtone.

It was near dark when he reached it, burnt up with a high fever from drinking ſo much ſpirits: he wanted ſome beer and a bed, but he had no money: however, he thought he would put on a good face, and get refreſhment and ſhelter for the night; and in the morning truſt to his own ingenuity, to invent a tale to ſtop the landlord's mouth. He entered a houſe, the landlord of which was of the rougheſt caſt: he eyed our Hero, and contemplated his rueful figure with attention. Leger called for a pint of beer, it was brought, and the money demanded. He aſked if that was always his cuſtom, to demand in that unmannerly manner his money, before the beer was drank? "Always," ſays the landlord, "when I ſuſpect there is no money to pay for the beer after it is drank." Leger ſwore he

would drink the beer before he paid for it. The landlord ſwore he ſhould not. So to ſwearing they went, as if they ſtrove who ſhould be the greateſt blackguard: at laſt, Leger ſnatching up the poker, ſwore he would demoliſh him for his impudence. The landlord was frighted, but would not give up the beer; and our Hero not daring to put his threat in execution, walked off.

He went to the next public houſe, and entering it, called for a pint of beer. The landlord, with a contemptuous ſmile, told him, his fame was come there before him: that he had no beer for ſhabby raſcals, that went from houſe to houſe, without a farthing in their pockets. Our Hero by this, learned that his landlord had ſent before him, and this might do the ſame at another houſe; he choſe therefore to put up with this affronting ſalutation, and meekly enquire the way out of town towards Canterbury. A woman

man that was in the houſe, undertook to be his guide, and walking with him to the town's end, pointed him the road.

It was now very dark, and the night cold and uncomfortable. Our Hero by no means reliſhed the thought of walking to Canterbury; he however ſet off, as if it had been his intention, and the woman returned. He wheeled about, and entering Folkſtone by another avenue, reſolved to try his luck once more.

He entered another public-houſe, the landlord of which was more humane and leſs rough in his manners, than the two others; he ſeemed to pity him as a weather-beaten traveller: he called for beer and bread and cheeſe, which was brought him; he then took courage, and aſked for a bed: in this he alſo ſucceeded, and made a comfortable *ſhift* for that night.

When morning came, he began to caſt about in his mind, what *ſhift* he ſhould make to get off. But unaccount-

able as it may ſeem, the humanity of the landlord had touched him, and he reſolved for once in his life, not to abuſe good nature: he had a couple of ſhirts tied up in a bundle, which had eſcaped the plundering of the boatmen; and one of theſe he reſolved to leave, as a pledge for the refreſhment he had received. He untied his bundle, and holding up one of the ſhirts to look at it; out dropt a ſhilling. He ſnatched up the precious piece with gladneſs, and tying up his bundle haſtened down ſtairs, and paying for his bread, cheeſe and beer, he treated himſelf with a glaſs of gin, and ſet off for Canterbury.

At Canterbury, he pawned one of his ſhirts, and by the greateſt frugality in management, made the money hold out until he got to Dartford. Here he put up at a houſe where he was known, and where he had ſpent pretty freely when he went down to Dover. The landlord was grateful

grateful for former favours, treated him with a ſupper, and a bowl of punch after it—got him a ſhirt waſhed, and after adding a breakfaſt and dinner to his favours, ſent him off to London, with not quite ſo much the appearance of a blackguard, as he had when he entered Dartford.

Thus ended the tour to Dover, and with it, all our Hero's hopes of Senatorial Dignity, and indeed all hope of coming at the property that was lodged in the Colonel's hands, at leaſt for a long time. The widow conteſted the will, the affair was therefore put into Chancery, and the Colonel's creditors were to wait the deciſion of that Court. Leger however, made the beſt uſe he could of this ſtate of ſuſpence, by making it a foundation of future credit and ſupport.

Rufa was now brought to bed of a ſon, and Leger was permitted by the old Lady, to viſit his wife and little boy.

He hoped to extend his privileges, and from being a viſiter, to become a part of the family; he moved for it accordingly, but his motion was negatived. "What the devil do you mean," ſaid Leger, "by not ſuffering me to be with my wife?" "I mean," ſaid ſhe, "to prevent your filling my family with a generation of beggars. I tell you, you ſhall never ſleep here: you have ſaddled me with one brat, and I will have no more of the breed.

"Brat—breed—and beggars—Zounds Madam, what do you mean by treating me in ſo ſcurrilous a manner? I made a Gentlewoman of your daughter, and in a little time ſhall be able to maintain her as ſuch again." "Aye, aye," ſays the old woman, "I know who muſt maintain the Gentlewoman, and her ſon too. But you, Mr. Gentleman, muſt ſhift for yourſelf, for you ſhall have no abiding here." "Damn it, Madam, I mean to

pay

pay for our board—you know my expectations—and in a term or two, the Colonel's affairs will be ſettled, and I ſhall have my money." "Your money indeed," ſays the old woman, "I ſhall never ſee any of your money, you have got all you can of me, but I'll take care you ſhall have no more. I never ſaw a farthing of your money yet, and none I ever ſhall ſee." "By G-d, Madam, you are a moſt unreaſonable woman: I tell you, by heaven! I ſhall have it in a term or two at moſt; I ſhould have had it now, if your damned avarice would have lent me the trifle I wanted to borrow—it is to you I owe my preſent misfortune." "And I," ſays ſhe, interruptiug him, "ſhould ſoon know misfortunes enough, if I were to hearken to your lying tongue. Why don't you get employment in a lawyer's counting-houſe, and provide for the ſupport of your wife and child?"

"A counting-houſe! an Attorney's counting-houſe! you unreaſonable old

woman, would you have me degrade myſelf to be a lawyer's clerk? though I aſſure you, I could go into buſineſs to-morrow—I know a gentleman that would gladly have me, and give me two guineas a week: but damn it, do you think I would degrade myſelf?" "Degrade," ſays the old lady haſtily, "two guineas a week would not degrade you half ſo much, as to live ſpunging about from place to place, and leave your wife and child a burden upon me."

"My dear Madam, you don't underſtand the matter, let me explain it to you. How can I appear at the bar again, if I ſhould do as you adviſe? I ſhould be flouted by all the counſellors—one would ſay, 'Why that fellow was an Attorney's Clerk, but the other day, he brought me a brief.'—Now how could I ſtand this: no, Madam, ſuffer what I will, I am determined to keep up my dignity—I ſhall ſoon have my money, and come into play, and then I care not a fig for any one."

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"I don't underſtand it indeed, but I underſtand very well that your plauſible harrangues, will never perſuade me to take you into my houſe to live upon me."

"Damn you, for an old ———, you are enough to drive one mad. It is owing to you, that I have not my money now, but I ſhall have it ſoon, and you may go to ——

He flung out of the houſe, muttering curſes, which had no effect on her upon whom they were ſo liberally beſtowed.

CHAP. XI.

Leger's *Management for Board and Lodging —Benevolent Widow—Hartley and his Wife—Pathetic Converſation betwixt the Children of Adverſity.*

DISAPPOINTED in this ſcheme of procuring an aſylum, he took a lodging, and told the tale of his great expectations at the next term. His wardrobe though diminiſhed to little more than the clothes on his back, was not yet quite ſhabby, ſo that he paſſed himſelf the more eaſily for a gentleman of embarraſſed fortunes, which would ſoon be ſet to rights. He could not at preſent command more than a little running caſh, but the next term would make him rich.

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On the credit of this repreſentation, he got board and lodging.

Term time paſſed, the looks of the family plainly ſhewed they expected the money. Leger, ever expert at deception, entered the houſe one day in ſeeming extaſy of ſpirit, "He ſhould have his money, next week for certain, an order of Court was made for the payment of it, and he was as ſure of it, as if he had it in his pocket." This aſſurance diſſipated the gloom of diſappointment. He ſought a new lodging, told the ſame tale of money next term, and to avoid the danger of an enquiry at his laſt lodgings; ſaid, the family was gone to reſide in the Country, which was the only reaſon of his removing from them: that he had been obliged for ſome days to ſleep at an Inn, a thing very diſagreeable to him, but he could not before meet with lodgings to his mind.

His tale paſſed upon the ſimple and unwary, and he got board and lodging from

from term to term, for ſome time. A widow gentlewoman into whoſe good opinion he had wormed himſelf, by his plauſibility, gave him harbour until his board amounted to ten pounds. His clothes began to be very ſhabby, ſo that ſhe was aſhamed to ſee him in her parlour, where he would be ſure to thruſt himſelf when ſhe had company. With unſuſpecting goodneſs, thinking it a pity a gentleman ſhould be under the neceſſity of making ſo poor an appearance, ſhe procured a couple of ruffled ſhirts, a florentine waiſtcoat, and ſmall clothes, and a pair of ſilk ſtockings: theſe ſhe laid upon his table, and with them a note, couched in the politeſt terms, requeſting his acceptance of them, and entreating him not to hurt her feelings by thanking her, nor ſuffer any one to know of the matter.

His coat which as yet was not quite thread-bare, and theſe habiliments furniſhed

niſhed by the good widow, enabled him now to make a tolerably decent appearance; and as term was approaching, he pretended to be very buſy in preparing for a trial with Colonel Baſtion's Executors, who he ſaid were willing to pay him, but for their own ſakes choſe he ſhould prove the debt (which he pretended was more than twelve hundred pounds) in Court. When at home, he was always writing, but moſt of his time was taken up in going about to the ſeveral lawyers engaged in the buſineſs.

So he pretended, but he had a very different ſcheme in his head. As he wanted caſh, he determined to convert the widow's preſent into money; and as it was impoſſible to trump up a lie, ready as he was, which could ſerve as an apology for parting with it, he reſolved to quit her houſe as ſoon as term was over. His walks therefore inſtead of being about the buſineſs of term, were to provide

vide himself new quarters. He succeeded —took french leave of the widow—converted her present into money—and that into liquor.

His new lodging was at the house of a couple whose name was Hartley. He had well reconnoitred before he took the lodging, and found the persons he had to deal with just such as he could wish: unsuspecting and honest themselves, they were too little upon their guard against the wiles of mankind.

Hartley and his wife were not only sober, orderly persons, but having met with many, and severe troubles, and years and infirmities growing upon them, they were grave and sedentary. Ever ready at accommodating himself to the taste of others, he affected great sobriety—professed to hate drinking of all things, and was peculiarly happy in spending his evenings at home with such good sort of persons—he soon ingratiated himself into their

their favour, and by apparently entering into their concerns with earneſtneſs and affection, gained in a great degree their confidence and eſteem.

As he had entered this houſe with the ſame tale he had done others—and their credulity inducing them to believe him; they formed no expectations of ſeeing any of his money until this important trial was over: and then if the loan of a couple of hundreds would do them any good, it was infinitely at their ſervice.

Hartley and his wife, we have obſerved, had met with a ſeries of heavy troubles: they were indeed children of adverſity—they had lived well in the world, but for ſeveral years paſt, calamity upon calamity had almoſt broke their hearts and exhauſted their ſubſtance. It is natural for thoſe who are in trouble themſelves to ſympathiſe with others, and to be fond of converſing with them: there is a kind of pleaſure ariſes from relating one's own,

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and hearing the ſorrows of other perſons: and as Leger ſpent moſt of his evenings at home, it afforded many opportunities of this kind.

In one of theſe evening colloquies, as poor Mrs. Hartley was bemoaning about ſome freſh trouble which had vexed her, Leger endeavoured to condole and comfort her. "My dear madam," ſaid he, "how natural it is for us to think our own troubles greater than thoſe of others. I perceive you are perſons who have been uſed to better days. I dare ſay you have met with many misfortunes—I pity you with all my ſoul—but come, be comforted—you do not know what good things providence has in ſtore for you."

"Alas!" ſaid the good woman, "I fear there is nothing left for us, but poverty and old age—I dread the thoughts of being reduced to a workhouſe—we are deſerted by thoſe we thought our friends—our buſineſs does not anſwer our expectations

tions—the little money we have will ſoon be exhauſted, and then what will become of us?"

"Courage, my dear madam, you muſt not be caſt down, if your preſent buſineſs does not anſwer, try ſomething elſe; I will do every thing in my power to aſſiſt you, and by and by it will be in my power. Only think of my ſituation, and what I have gone through, to be kept out of hundreds—of my property, and cannot come at a ſhilling of it: but it will all be over ſoon, and I ſhall have it in my power to help you."

"It is in vain," ſaid ſhe, "to think of trying, we have tried already, and find we cannot get forward. Mr. Hartley is not fit for trade—he was never accuſtomed to it, and it is now too late in life to learn it; beſide he is too eaſy and credulous: honeſt himſelf, he thinks well of all men; and is conſtantly the dupe of the artful and deſigning. If he could

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get into a way of life that would bring in a certain ſalary, we might live; but I can never conſent to try trade again."

"By G-d, madam, I love Mr. Hartley as well as if he was my own brother—he is a worthy man—you are both of you worthy good perſons, and I will contrive ſome way to ſerve you. What were we ſent into the world for, but to help one another?—I have ſerved many perſons in diſtreſs—I have a feeling heart—curſe on thoſe ſavage monſters—thoſe unfeeling wretches, that can ſee the worthy ſtruggling with difficulties, and refuſe to aſſiſt them. I always was, and always ſhall be willing to divide my laſt ſhilling with the unhappy. Though I have almoſt always met with ungrateful returns."

"Well," ſaid Hartley, who had ſet quiet until now, "whatever tranſgreſſions I have been guilty of, I am not chargeable with ingratitude or want of feeling—my heart has melted a thouſand times

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at the woes of others, and according to my ability, I have endeavoured to relieve. I was never ungrateful for the ſmalleſt kindneſs, and yet I find myſelf in difficulties, without friend or connection to aſſiſt me. On the contrary, I think," added he, in a mournful accent, and with a ſigh from the bottom of his heart, "I think providence has ordained me, to be the dupe and prey of all the ſcoundrels who are diſpoſed to pillage me."

As the voice and manner in which the laſt words were pronounced, was ſomewhat peculiar, Leger ſtarted, turned pale, and fixed his eyes on Hartley's countenance, with a keenneſs which ſeemed to ſtrive to penetrate his inmoſt ſoul. He feared that Hartley began to ſee through him, and that all the fine things he had been ſaying, were thrown away; but finding nothing in the countenance of that artleſs man to confirm his ſuſpicion,

he

he judged, and judged rightly, that the apoſtrophe was nothing more than the ebullition of a heart oppreſſed with ſorrow, and that it was not particularly pointed at him.

He recovered himſelf, and dreſſing his face with looks of the greateſt kindneſs, took hold of Hartley's hand; "My dear Sir," ſaid he, "I cannot believe that providence will deſert the cauſe of ſo good a man, and leave you in your diſtreſſes—nay, your diſtreſſes are more in proſpect than reality. Mine are real, but I am not caſt down, becauſe I know there muſt come an end to my trouble, and then my proſperity will be the ſweeter: and depend upon it you ſhall be the better for it."

"But how do you know," ſaid Mrs. Hartley, "that you ſhall ever have this money—are you ſure your claim is good—and if it is ever ſo good—conſider the tricks that lawyers have, to prevent a cauſe

cauſe from coming to an iſſue—I cannot help having my fears, that your expectation will come to nothing."

"My dear Madam," ſaid Leger, "you are always looking at the worſt ſide of things: I tell you, my claim is good, and as to the lawyers—what the devil—am not I a lawyer—I know how to fight them in their own way. I tell you, my dear Mrs. Hartley—but you are ſo fearful—I tell you, I am as ſure of it, as if it was now in my pocket. I know, Madam, for I can ſee into your heart, you are foreboding the detriment my diſappointment will be to you; but I tell you, there is no cauſe for fear, and as ſoon as I receive it, you ſhall not only have what is due to you, but any ſums you want beſide."

"I am much obliged to you," ſaid Hartley, "but I have been too unfortunate with my own money, to wiſh to run any hazard of loſing yours: and

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if I loſe it, what will become of me then?"

"By G-d, my dear Sir, if you do, it ſhall never break my heart. I am ſure you are an honeſt man, and I love you from my very ſoul: I am not covetous of money, but as the means of doing good: a little will ſerve my turn, and when once I get into buſineſs again, my profeſſion will maintain me."

"You make too light of money," ſaid Mrs. Hartley, "conſider your wife and child, you ought to take care of it for their ſakes." "True, Madam," ſaid Leger, "my boy, my dear little boy, ſhall be taken care of: I ſhall bring him up to the law: I ſhall like alſo to lay up a trifle for him: but thoſe who refuſe to ſhare my adverſity, have no right to ſhare my proſperity. Think of their curſed hard unfeeling hearts—both mother and daughter—but for them, I had now been in poſſeſſion of my money—I aſked only for

for four or five guineas, to go down to Dover, but—(confound their covetouſneſs)—neither of them would let me have it, though they had plenty of money by them: So you ſee that it was through them, I could not get there before the Colonel died. But my turn will be by and by, and curſe me if I forget them.

But come, my good friends, you and I are children of adverſity, and we ought to ſtrive to comfort one another, and keep up our ſpirits. Believe me, I feel myſelf intereſted in your concerns, as much as in my own, and I will ſerve you to the utmoſt of my power. I do believe from my heart, that afflictions tend to attach us to one another, I feel myſelf ſo ſtrongly diſpoſed to place confidence in you: and I perceive you have the ſame diſpoſition toward me."

"I think we have," ſaid Hartley, "or we ſhould never have opened ſo much of our ſituation to you, for we carefully

concealed it; fully perſuaded that to do otherwiſe, would be to court neglect and contempt: You, we conſider as a friend: your own troubles can teach you to ſympathiſe with us; and we are unreſerved before you."

"God bleſs your ſouls! my dear Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, I could ſee from my firſt coming here, that you were troubled; and I determined to endeavour to ſerve you. Come, come, let us put our truſt in God, I am perſuaded he will not forſake me; and, why ſhould you think he has left you to be the prey of ſcoundrels? Courage, my friends; we have all of us better days to come," "Amen," ſaid Hartley, "and as I was ſomewhat raſh in the expreſſion I uſed, I will endeavour to atone for it, by relating a remarkable ſtory I lately heard; and which had I recollected it at the time, would have ſtopped my mouth."

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

The Story of Edwin *and* Caliſta.

"TWO gentlemen, who reſided near each other, had contracted ſuch an intimacy, that they were ſeldom many hours without ſeeing one another. They were both domeſtic men, and therefore did not ſeek each other in public drinking houſes, but at each other's dwellings. Their wives were amiable and ſenſible women, who loved the ſociety of their huſbands, and approved the virtuous friendſhip which ſubſiſted between them. Their own good ſenſe led them alſo to cultivate an acquaintance, which ſhould make them ſocial parties with the men they loved. So prudent a ſtep, met its reward; acquaintance grew

to friendſhip between the ladies, and the two families, became as one poſſeſſing two houſes, and reſiding ſometimes in one, and ſometimes in the other.

One of theſe gentlemen had an only ſon, whoſe name was Edwin; the other, an only daughter, whoſe name was Caliſta. Their ages were equal, and at the time this connection of families took place, was not more than thirteen. Providence had been bountiful to theſe children, in giving them what is not often united; elegance of form, and elegance of mind.

The familiarity of the parents, naturally led to that of the children: equality of years, and ſimilarity of diſpoſition, as naturally led to mutual eſteem; and that before they were fifteen, into love. They indulged their affection for each other, as from the ſtate of things betwixt their families, they could not foreſee any thing could ariſe to hinder their being united

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at a proper time: they ſaw too, that their partiality for each other was taken notice of by their parents, without diſapprobation. Poor hearts, the path of life opened flowery before them, and they thought it would lead them immediately to paradiſe.

The parents were as happy as the children, in the thought, that their poſterity were likely to perpetuate their friendſhip: they therefore left affection to work its own way.

The happineſs of theſe two families, was too great to ſubſiſt long in this mutable ſtate of things: the mother of Caliſta, was taken ill of a putrid-fever, which in three days terminated her life. The mother of Edwin, who could not be prevailed upon to quit the bedſide of her friend, caught the infection, and in four days, followed her to the ſilent manſion of the grave. The diſtreſs of the ſurvivors, muſt be left to imagination,

as it bids defiance to the power of deſcription.

This little knot of human happineſs, was not to eſcape with this ſtroke, ſevere as it was. The greateſt part of the eſtate of Caliſta's father, was litigated at law—the ſuit had laſted ſeveral years—the expenſe had been very great, and his anxiety and trouble about it, for the ſake of Caliſta, preyed much upon his ſpirits. At laſt, he loſt his cauſe, and with it more than three fourths of his eſtate, which in the whole did not amount to five hundred a year.

Stroke upon ſtroke, the loſs of his wife, and the loſs of his eſtate, bore too heavy upon him, and he ſunk under them. Caliſta was left a helpleſs orphan to the care of a relation, who huſbanded the little that was left her in the beſt manner he could, and put her to a boarding-ſchool, to finiſh an educa-

tion

cation which had been began and carried on at home under private tutors.

The father of Edwin did not leſs mourn the loſs of his mate, than the father of Caliſta. The diſtreſſes of his friend added greatly to his affliction, and when he loſt that friend, he felt himſelf almoſt deſolate—it is true he had his Edwin, and a lovelier inſtance of filial piety and affection, never exiſted—for him he was content to live, but grief had made ſuch inroads upon his conſtitution, that he concluded his ſtay with mortals would be very ſhort.

One day converſing with Edwin about the affairs of his deceaſed friend, he mentioned Caliſta to him, with a view to know the ſtate of his mind towards her. 'My Edwin,' ſaid he, 'I know you once regarded Caliſta with partiality: I ſaw and approved it—providence has made a conſiderable alteration in her

circumſtances; but theſe have made no alteration in my eſtimation of her worth: you beſt know how the caſe ſtands with you. I do not mean to lay any injunction on your inclination—if you love Caliſta, that poor orphan will find in you the protection of a huſband, and I need ſay no more. But if your partiality for her never matured to that paſſion, conſider her as my adopted child, and your ſiſter—protect her virtue, and guard for her, the little property her father left her, and the addition I ſhall make to it, in caſe you tell me it is not your intention ſhe ſhall be yours.'

'Beſt of parents,' cried Edwin, ſeizing and kiſſing his father's hand, "you have anticipated my wiſhes in ſpeaking of Caliſta—I forebore to mention her to you, becauſe your heart was overcharged with cares of another nature. I believed you did not diſapprove of my partiality for her, and I was perſuaded the good-

neſs

neſs of your heart could admit of no ſentiments unfavourable to Caliſta, on account of her father's misfortunes; I have ventured, ſir, to aſſure her of this, and of my unalterable attachment. I have promiſed her that ſhe ſhall be mine when time has blunted the edge of your preſent ſorrows, and brought us to an age, when our union will be more eligible than at preſent. She has wrote to me, profeſſing her cordial acquieſcence, and aſſures me the thought of your paternal care and protection, greatly alleviates her ſorrow for the loſs of her dear parents.'

'You have done right, my ſon,' ſaid the father, 'may Caliſta and you be as happy in each other, as your parents: Other cares now demand my attention, as I perceive I have not long to continue with you.'

Edwin's father poſſeſſed an eſtate of eighteen hundred a year, but it was

much incumbered with mortgages and ſettlements. Apprehending that he ſhould die before Edwin was of age, he made a will, and nominated two gentlemen, who he knew to be men of buſineſs, to be his Executors—to theſe he left his eſtate in truſt, to be managed for his ſon; and ſhortly after paid the debt of nature.

Edwin had been educated under his father's eye, but wanting three years of being of age, his guardians ſent him to Cambridge to finiſh his education. They then agreed between themſelves, to diſpoſſeſs him of his eſtate, and divide the ſpoil between them. To this end, inſtead of diſencumbering his affairs, they entangled them ſtill more; that when he came of age, he might find it impracticable to bring them to account.

Two years he ſpent at the Univerſity, without ſuſpecting the machinations of his Guardians. He regularly correſponded

ponded with Caliſta; and exchanged mutual vows of conſtancy—at the end of that time, not deſigning to enter into either of the learned profeſſions, he formed the deſign of leaving the College, and of being united to the beloved of his heart: he propoſed it to his Guardians, but they preremptorily refuſed their conſent.

Edwin was piqued at this refuſal, which appeared to him both unreaſonable and unjuſt: he reſolved therefore if Caliſta would conſent, to marry in ſpite of them. He thought that the expenſes which they allowed him, together with what Caliſta had, would carry him through until he took poſſeſſion of his eſtate. He left Cambridge, and went to Caliſta's relation, with whom ſhe now reſided: to him he propoſed his ſcheme of marriage—he approved, and by his advice, Caliſta conſented to give her hand to

Edwin: to avoid all future diſputes about the lagality of their union, they took a trip to Gretna Green.

At their return, Edwin wrote to his Guardians, informing them what he had done, and requeſted a ſum of money to ſubſiſt on, until he ſhould ſettle with them. They refuſed him any aſſiſtance, and ſet him at defiance. This, though it vexed him, did not diſtreſs him, as Caliſta's little fortune was amply ſufficient to ſupport for the preſent, two perſons whoſe chief happineſs was each other's ſociety.

Before Edwin came of age, Caliſta preſented him with a ſon, which ſhe inſiſted ſhould bear his name. Their mutual cares now centered in the little Edwin, until the important time came for which they had been waiting. Edwin demanded poſſeſſion of his eſtates, and an account of the management of them, during

during his minority? This was refuſed under various pretexts; and they informed him, that what he got, muſt be by dint of law.

He removed with Caliſta and her child to London, that he might be near the Court of Chancery: he filed a bill againſt his Guardians, to bring them to account; but he ſoon found he had to deal with men too well ſkilled in the chicanery of that tedious Court, to be eaſily overcome by him. The enormous expenſes attending a chancery ſuit, ſoon ſwallowed up Caliſta's little fortune, while his adverſaries had the power and advantage of diſtreſſing him with his own money.

An event took place, which in other circumſtances would have given them unſpeakable pleaſure, but ſituated as they were, added to their diſtreſs. Caliſta was brought to bed of a daughter, and her they named, Patience, as a memento how

how neceſſary the virtue of that name was, in their preſent perplexed ſituation.

Expenſes of law and encreaſe of family, opened a dreary proſpect before poor Edwin; he too ſoon found himſelf involved in a debt he was unable to pay. His cruel oppreſſors were too watchful over him, not to be acquainted with his ſituation: they perſuaded his creditors to arreſt him, which they did, and he was five years a priſoner in the King's Bench: by this ſtroke they hoped for ever to diſable him from carrying on the ſuit.

He took a room in the Rules, to which a few of his moveables were conveyed, and Caliſta ſold the reſt to raiſe a little money for preſent ſubſiſtence: and then with her two children, went and took up their melancholy reſidence with him.

The diſtreſſes of poverty, which they endured in this ſituation, muſt have borne exceeding hard upon perſons gen-

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teely born and educated: neither of them knew what to turn their hands to, eſpecially Caliſta, who, educated as a fine lady, was in this ſtate, as unable to do any thing as a child. Their bed was deſtitute of linen; one ſingle ſhirt and ſhift was all they had to wear; and ſo low were they reduced one day, that a ſingle onion without bread, or any other kind of food, was all they had for Edwin, Caliſta and the two children, to ſubſiſt upon.

Providence, which cares for the falling ſparrow, did however at times afford them releif: the ſingle wear of linen which they had, was taken and waſhed for them, by benevolent neighbours, becauſe they could not afford to put them out, or even buy ſoap for Caliſta to try what ſhe could do herſelf. A morſel alſo from the table of others better provided for, ſometimes reached them: for the innocence of their manners, and the gentleneſs

gentleneſs of their diſpoſitions, raiſed them friends even among the wretched.

Caliſta, though unable to do any thing in the way of labour to alleviate their diſtreſſes, was from the goodneſs of her diſpoſition, induſtrious to promote their peace and patience: far from reproaching Edwin with precipitating her into misfortunes, ſhe adored providence, for making her the companion of the man ſhe loved. When his heart was wrung with anguiſh for the ſufferings of her and her babes, ſhe ſoothed that anguiſh, by exhorting him to patience, under the diſpenſation of a Being who never errs.

She read to him, the conſolation that Being holds out in his word to the afflicted. She exhorted him to proſtrate with her before the mercy-ſeat, which receives appeals againſt the oppreſſor. And theſe devout exerciſes of reading, prayer,

and

and exhortation, with proper attention to their children, filled up their time.

Happy Edwin, though poor and oppreſſed! peculiarly happy in ſuch a companion as Caliſta. How many wives in ſuch diſtreſs, would have read him another lecture? How many termagants would have charged upon his head, and attributed to his want of wiſdom and management, all the misfortunes under which they groaned!"

Mrs. Hartley, ſtared at her huſband. "Why," ſaid ſhe, "is the man in heroics! What wife that loved her huſband, would not have done as Caliſta did?" "Not all, my dear," ſaid he, "but let me finiſh my ſtory.——

Three years paſſed on in this ſtate of trial, and matters hung in Chancery upon the old peg. By ſome happy accident, I could not learn what, their ſtory and the account of their diſtreſſes, reached

ed the ears of a benevolent ſcotchman, a money ſcrivener: he informed himſelf thoroughly of all things relative to the affair, and carried on the ſuit in *forma pauperis*, while his good offices procured benevolences for them amongſt his friends and connections. In two years a decree was obtained—the oppreſſors gave up their prey. The Court ordered all the eſtates to be ſold, the mortgages, debts and incumbrances, to be paid off, and the reſidue to be veſted in the public funds, for the benefit of the plaintiff's children: the intereſt to be appropriated to Edwin's uſe for his own ſupport, and the maintenance and education of his children.

The next thing this benevolent man did, was to free his client from priſon: he took him and his family into his own houſe, and in two years more, the eſtates were all ſold, the mortgages, debts, and all charges paid off, the monies veſted

in

in the funds according to the order of Court, and Edwin received from it a clear four hundred a year."

"A remarkable ſtory indeed," ſaid Leger, "but you ſee that God in his own time remembers the good."

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Leger's *Invention to get Pocket Caſh—Amuſes the* Hartleys *with a Scheme for going to the Eaſt Indies.*

OUR Hero, though comfortably provided with board and lodging, wanted a little caſh for his pocket. He had this upon his mind, all the time he was talking to Hartley, about God not forſaking the good, who felt for the diſtreſſes of others. The next day, he ſlipped a note into Hartley's hand, importing, that he owed a guinea—had promiſed to pay it on the next day—that he had lately lent ſix guineas to an old gentlewoman his acquaintance, who was gone into the country, and would not return until the next week, though ſhe

had promiſed to be back a week paſt—that he was greatly hurt at not being able to keep his promiſe—could his dear Mr. Hartley lend him a guinea until next week—but by no means diſtreſs himſelf—for he had rather ſuffer any thing than diſtreſs his friend—he ſhould underſtand a negative, by no notice being taken of his note.

He knew at the time he did this, that Hartley had a little money, and was making up a ſum to pay in a ſhort time: he loved punctuality himſelf, and he believed Leger did alſo. He lent him the guinea, aſſuring him he did it to ſave his feelings, but if he had it not the next week, it would hurt his own feelings greatly, as he ſhould not be able to make his payment without it.

Leger ſqueezed his hand, with great apparent affection and gratitude, and declared the loan of that guinea, was more to him now, than the gift of ten would be

be at another time: he promiſed payment in due time, and went out, as he ſaid, to ſecure his honour, but in fact to get a ſoak of gin and water.

The next week came, and ſtill the old gentlewoman continued in the country, but was daily expected. A new manœuvre was neceſſary to divert thoſe ſimpletons, Hartley and his wife; and to prevent their paying too great attention to the old woman's not coming up out of the country, he hit upon one which anſwered that end, and procured him a continuance in his quarters for ſix months longer; at leaſt it operated to that end in conjunction with his aſſertions of his great expectations.

It would be blaſphemy, to ſay that providence favours rogues in their villany, and yet appearances ſometimes tempt one to think ſo. Perhaps the truth is, that man, being a free agent, providence leaves occaſion free, for how could

could he be ſubject to rewards or puniſhment, if his actions were the reſult of neceſſity, and not of choice. Certain it is however, that rogues are ſeldom wanting, in laying hold on occaſion to dupe the unwary and unſuſpecting.

One evening, as this family ſat in domeſtic ſociety, Leger was entertaining them with an account of India—the healthfulneſs of its climate—the exceſs of its riches—the cheapneſs of its proviſions—and a thouſand other things—lamenting at the ſame time, his own folly for returning home—when Hartley and his wife, breathed a wiſh that it was poſſible for them to go. He ſnatched at this opportunity, and looking them earneſtly in the face, demanded to know if they were ſerious? They aſſured him they were, as to their wiſh, but were certain their finances rendered it totally impoſſible. He aſſured them, that was not the caſe, and ſwore by his Maker, that

that if they would be ruled by him, he would carry them through the buſineſs.

He obſerved further, that at their time of life, he ſhould think it madneſs to attempt ſuch an expedition on their own account; but they had three fine daughters, whoſe fortunes were certainly made, if they ſet foot on the ground of Hindoſtan. Their beauty, education, and other accompliſhments, together with the connections he ſhould be able to form for them, would ſecure them the beſt offers in the Settlement. The paucity of European woman of this deſcription, was the reaſon, their chance amounted to a moral certainty, and their ſucceſs would ſecure the ſucceſs of the parents.

But ſtill the objection recurred, that Hartley's finances were too impoveriſhed to bear the expenſe of the voyage, much leſs would they afford the means to begin the world there; but theſe objections

jections were nothing with our man of *ſhifts*, he knew it was to be done; there were captains, eſpecially foreigners, who would take the family over upon credit, to be paid ſix months after their arrival in India: and the recommendations he would procure them to perſons of oppulence and character at Calcutta, would raiſe them a credit for a thouſand pounds, on their firſt arrival.

Pleaſed with theſe dazzling proſpects, the Hartleys retired to reſt; but whether they dreamed of India, we preſume not to ſay. The next day, the ſubject was reſumed, and the determination formed to go, if poſſible, to India.

As ſome oſtenſible reaſon was neceſſary, our man of *ſhifts* adviſed, that Hartley ſhould have a relation die at Chincerai, a Dutch Settlement, near Calcutta: that his effects ſhould lie not only there, but at Batavia, and other places: that the uncertainty as to the time of ac-

compliſhing his buſineſs, determined Hartley to take his family with him: that he ſhould propoſe to apply himſelf to trade while in India, as a free merchant; and to chuſe Calcutta for his reſidence, out of love to his own nation.

Leger, was now conſtituted agent of this buſineſs, and very buſy he affected to be about it. He ſcarce ever returned home, without having ſeen ſome gentleman or other, to whom he had communicated the affair, and who highly approved; he alſo referred Hartley to ſome gentlemen who had been in India, but charged him to conceal his name, becauſe he was not upon good terms with them. The information Hartley gained, ſerved ſtill to miſlead and perplex him. They all agreed with Leger, that could Hartley get to India, with good recommendations, there was no doubt of his ſucceeding; but they differed much from Leger, as to the expenſe of going.

Hartley

Hartley was diſcouraged at the great expenſe every one aſſured him a voyage to India would coſt. Leger undertook to get conveyance in a foreign ſhip. Letters were ſent to L'orient, Oſtend, Copenhagen, and Liſbon; for all which, Leger got a few ſhillings under the denomination of poſtage: theſe produced as much effect as Leger wiſhed them, that is none at all. Another bar in the way was, the Eaſt India Company had made an order, not to permit any perſon to go to India, unleſs in there ſervice; ſo there was no hope of going as a free merchant.

One difficulty ſucceeded another, all of which afforded Leger an opportunity of ſhewing much buſtle and buſineſs, and much ſagacity and contrivance in order to remove them. The Hartleys were as ſufficiently amuſed as he could wiſh them. The guinea and the old woman, were almoſt forgot, and when recollect-

ed, could not be mentioned to a man who was doing ſo much for them: he had beſides, daily opportunities of trumpeting his own praiſe—in ſaying how many miles he had walked—and how many hours he had devoted to their ſervice.

The Eaſt India Company's refuſing to permit any perſon to go out as free merchants, had almoſt beat Hartley off his purpoſe: this Leger could by no means ſuffer, as he intended to have many more weeks board and lodging, before the farce ſhould be ended. He came down from his room one morning, with much importance on his countenance, and thus addreſſed Hartley,

"By G-d, my dear Sir, I have hit upon a plan, which will deliver you from the clutches of that damned monopoly, the Company. I have been thinking, for I think of your affairs more than of my own, though God knows they need all my

my thoughts: I have been thinking, I ſay, that as you are a man of tolerable learning, good ſenſe, and have read much; and as you are of a grave and ſedentary diſpoſition, you would make a better parſon than a merchant: you ſhall go to India as a clegyman; I can for about ten pounds get you into orders: and then, as you will not interfere with matters of trade, the company can have no authority over you."

"The ſcheme," ſays Hartley, "is certainly a good one, could I put it in practice: but I am a diſſenter from principle, and cannot ſubſcribe and ſwear to articles I do not believe." "Poh, poh," ſaid Leger, "it is all matter of form, there is nothing at all in it; if a man ſtops and boggles at trifles, he will never get forward in the world. However, as you are ſqueamiſh about it, ſuppoſe you go as a diſſenting miniſter? I can teach you how to compoſe ſermons, and

how to pronounce them with elocution; and I am ſure you are ſufficiently verſed in ſcripture and church hiſtory, to aſſume the cloth.

The propoſal ſtruck Hartley agreeably: he aſked if there were many diſſenters there? "A great many," ſaid Leger, "but they have neither miniſter nor place of worſhip. I am ſure and certain, that a man of your abilities would raiſe a congregation, that would give you a large ſalary. Apropos, you may then get letters of recommendation from ſome noted diſſenting miniſters here in town, which added to thoſe I ſhall give you, and get you from my friends, will be of great ſervice to you."

"No," ſaid Hartley, "I have no proſpect of any aſſiſtance of that kind: I am not connected with any party of diſſenters, and conſequently unknown to their miniſters. Beſides, it is not the cuſtom, at leaſt of that party whoſe patronage

tronage I ſhould wiſh, to patroniſe any but ſuch as have been regularly educated for the miniſtry. I might, however, ſucceed without this recommendation, as many who have come ſtrangers to London have done."

"Well, well," ſaid Leger, "you underſtand thoſe matters beſt; but you ſhall be a parſon, ſo that matter is ſettled. Now we have only to contrive the means of your going. As we have failed in applications abroad, you ſhall go with your family to Madeira: ſhips of all nations, that trade to India, touch at that Iſland, and you will get a paſſage to India, for your whole family, for half, or perhaps two thirds of what they aſk here per head. Proviſions there are cheap; and if you are obliged to wait a month or two for a ſhip, you may live for one third of what it coſts you here.

Hartley's heart danced for joy, at ſo favourable a proſpect, and he deter-

mined to go to Madeira, as ſoon as ever he could ſettle his affairs. He preſſed Leger to procure the promiſed letters, and to write. "My dear Sir," ſaid he, "what hurry about the letters? depend upon it you ſhall have them in time. Let us make enquiry what ſhips are going to Madeira, and when: perhaps it may be ſix or ſeven weeks before you will have an opportunity of going: we ſhall have time enough for the letters. He then ſhewed him a liſt of names, of ten or twelve perſons of reputation and influence in Calcutta, to whom he intended to write, and this quieted Hartley for the preſent.

Mrs. Hartley was naturally of a very anxious diſpoſition, the afflictions and diſappointments ſhe had met with, had not rendered her more patient: ſo many diſappointments and delays as had attended this buſineſs, awakened her fears about Leger's ſincerity; eſpecially his pro-

procraſtination about writing the letters. However, as the whole family had ſet their hearts upon going, and as almoſt every one they had applied to for information, had aſſured them, that could they but get to India, there was no fear of their doing well, they reſolved, without depending abſolutely on Leger, to do all in their power to go, and to make the beſt uſe of him they could.

Eaſter term was now at hand, and our man of *ſhifts* began to be wonderfully buſy about his own affairs. He was ſhut up for many hours in the day in his own room—brought his papers in his hand to breakfaſt and tea, and was writing away between every cup. The reſt of his time was ſpent, as he pretended, with going from lawyer to lawyer about the buſineſs of this term.

The Hartleys were waiting, with hope and fear, the event of this term, as they now expected to ſee ſome of Leger's caſh.

They had alſo ſome hope that he would, as he had promiſed, lend them a hundred pounds upon Hartley's bond and an inſurance upon his life. Whenever the Counſellor returned in the evening, Mrs. Hartley would anxiouſly queſtion him about the ſucceſs of the day, and he had always ſome lye ready to account for the delays in his affairs: and as ſhe was not always ſatisfied with the anſwers he gave, ſhe would urge him with queſtion on queſtion, about the reaſon of theſe delays; until he was at a loſs for farther evaſion. Vexed and perplexed, to be puſhed ſo hard for explanation, he delivered himſelf from her interrogatories, by bawling, "Zounds, Madam, how you teize one! how ſhould you underſtand law? Do you think I do not know the nature of theſe things? I tell you, that every thing is going on right.

Mrs. Hartley, though naturally credulous in the firſt inſtance, was very ſuſpicious

ſuſpicious when ſhe perceived, or thought ſhe perceived a deſign to keep truth from her; this made her queſtion Leger more cloſely, and his paſſionate replies only ſerved to awaken her ſuſpicion the more. He perceived it, and the laſt day of term told her, there would be no trial, but the affair was to be determined by arbitration: that the arbitrators were to be named in two days, and in eight, were obliged to finiſh the buſineſs.

This was delivered with ſuch apparent candour, that it precluded all farther queries, and the Counſellor eat his ſupper in peace.

CHAP. XIV.

Leger *loſt—The Cloſet—*Leger *returns —Various Shifts—Confeſſion.*

THE ſecond day came, and our Hero ſallied forth to go to the naming of his arbitrators: as it rained, he begged leave to borrow the Umbrella, and promiſed to be home early in the evening. In the evening he ſent a note that buſineſs would detain him very late, deſired the family not to ſit up, for he ſhould ſleep at a friend's. The next night came, but no Counſellor appeared, and the next, and ſo on for a week. Various were the conjectures of Hartley, upon this affair; ſometimes he feared ſome event had befallen him, and at others, ſuſpected

ſuſpected that he had gone off, to avoid paying for his board. Mrs. Hartley was ſure the latter was the caſe; and began to bemoan herſelf for the loſs of ſeveral months board, and the diſſolution of all the pleaſing dreams of Indian wealth; for Leger being loſt, the letters he had promiſed were loſt alſo; and this appeared an effectual bar to all their hopes.

Hartley uſed every means of enquiry he ſought him at every place he had heard him mention having any acquaintance. He found out Rufa and her mother, but no intelligence could he get of the loſt Counſellor. At laſt he heard of him by accident, at a place where he went by a fictious name, and which he viſited by ſtealth: here Hartley left a note for him, entreating him to put them out of ſuſpence, by informing them of the cauſe of his abſence? Three days paſt, and our Hero neither appeared nor wrote; conſequently they gave him

up

up for loſt, and conſidered themſelves ſwindled.

There was cloſet in Læger's room, of which he had the key. Curioſity now excited the deſire of ſeeing the inſide of it, but with the full expectation of finding it emptied of all his moveables. By trying a number of old keys, one was found which opened this receſs; which when opened, diſplayed one of the moſt curious exhibitions in the world. The contents of it fully revealed the Counſellor's employment, when he was ſuppoſed to be reading and writing Law; and were ſo many proofs of the moſt extreme poverty, and ingenuity at a *ſhift*.

On the floor of the cloſet, lay the collar of a ſhirt, with a few inches of pendent rag round its baſe, which ſerved to tuck under the collar of his waiſtcoat: body or ſleeves it had none. By the ſide of it, lay an old hat, an old coat ripped to pieces and pinned up in a bundle:

dle: two or three laſts, a number of pieces of ends—bits of ſoles and upper leather: awls and other implements for cobbling: a ſhoe-bruſh and blacking-pot. Aſcend we to the ſhelves: they contained heaps of old and dirty papers and letters: a ſhaving-box and razor: ſome old knives, a pin-cuſhion, thread, needles, and taylor's thimbles. Acroſs the upper part of the cloſet he had placed lines, on which were hanging to dry a few rags, which had been ſtocks and neck-handkerchiefs: two pair of ſtockings, one pair footleſs, the other footed with cloth.

The Hartleys viewed all theſe goods and chattles with attention and aſtoniſhment: they locked up the cloſet, leaving every thing in the place and ſtate they found it, and retired to reaſon upon what they had ſeen, and to deliver their noſes from the ſtench of the cloſet, which had almoſt poiſoned them.

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They concluded the ſtrange unaccountable man would certainly return, as he had not removed his effects: for though the rags and papers were good for nothing, he would ſcarcely leave them to bear witneſs to his extreme wretchedneſs: and the implements for taylorjng, cobling, &c. were neceſſary to him. So they reſolved to wait with patience the event. They had often wondered at his frequently carrying a pail of warm water into his room to waſh his feet, but this the furniture of the lines explained, and the implements of induſtry accounted for the hours ſpent in writing.

They conjectured right, that Leger would return; he knew them too well to part with them as yet. In a few days he did return, pale as a ghoſt, and with his clothes, which before were exceeding ſhabby, ſo dirty and naſty, that he looked

looked like the attendant of a duſt cart. His appearance filled the Hartleys with horror as well as amazement, and they could only exclaim, "Where, ſir, have you been?"

He advanced totteringly into the houſe, and ſeating himſelf by a table, leaned his head on his hand. "Oh my dear Mrs. Hartley," ſaid he, "what have I gone through! what have I ſuffered ſince I ſaw you laſt! If you, my dear madam, knew what I have gone through, you would heartily pity me." In pronouncing this, he lifted up his head to ſhew the tears he had ſqueezed into his eyes; which anſwered the end, for the Hartleys could not ſtand the attack of a tear. With tender ſolicitude they enquired what had happened, and where he had been? He hung down his head as if confounded, and with a ſigh, ſaid he had been in a ſpunging-houſe—

he

he had been arreſted for a debt while he was about their buſineſs, a debt of thirteen pounds, which he owed a taylor before the misfortune of Col. Baſtion's death.

Hartley who recollected the place he had heard of him, and the fictious name he went by, anſwered with ſome warmth, "Pray ſir, how came you twice, to my knowledge, at the place where I left a note for you?" "Oh my dear ſir, I had a Bum to attend me; and I aſſure you, that your note pierced me to the heart: I was ſufficiently uneaſy before I received it, on your account; but afterwards I could not bear myſelf: I have ſuffered more for your ſakes than I have for my own—I knew you would be uneaſy, but when I found by your note, how uneaſy you was, I was truly wretched."

"And pray," ſaid Hartley, "why were we not acquainted with your ſituation?"

tion?" "Oh my dear ſir, how could I think of acquainting you with it? I knew it would make you ſo unhappy—and I knew I ſhould ſoon have my liberty." "But how did you get that liberty? could you pay the debt?" "God bleſs you, no, but I ſent for a friend who lives in the temple, who knows the nature of my affairs with the Colonel's Executors; and upon his teſtimony, the Creditors took my note for ſix months longer—I am exceeding ill, and in a high fever—I have not been a bed ſince I left your houſe; this and diſtreſs of mind, has thrown me into a high fever—I wiſh to retire as ſoon as poſſible."

They could not however let him go to reſt without a word about the arbitration. He beſought their patience until the morrow, for he was too much indiſpoſed to talk, ſo he ſwallowed a quart of table beer, and retired.

In

In the morning Hartley enquired of his welfare, and if he could riſe to breakfaſt? He begged to be permitted to ſleep without diſturbance, as he had ſcarce cloſed his eyes for a week before.

While he was recruiting exhauſted nature with ſleep, the ſimple Hartleys were pitying the ſufferings he had gone through, and encouraging hope, that though poor, he was honeſt—that there was truth in his expectations—and that he might yet pay them, and ſerve them in their India intereſts: yet they a little wondered at his backwardneſs of ſpeaking about the arbitration; but the truth was, he was not yet prepared to ſpeak to that point.

He appeared in the family next day towards evening, his looks were pale and haggard: he waſhed his fleſh, but his clothes were paſt cleaning. The ſucceſs of the arbitration was again enquired after. "My dear friends," ſaid he,

he, it is put off, but be not alarmed, for I assure you every thing is right. The money could not be paid without an order of Court to confirm the arbitration, and that could not be until next Term. "No," said Mrs. Hartley, vexed at this information, "nor then neither: I do not believe it will ever be paid, and we shall never see a farthing of our money. Where is my umbrella?" "My dear madam, be patient, I left your Umbrella at a friend's, and will call for it the first time I go out, and as to your money, by G—d it is as safe as if it was in your own pocket: but you are so unreasonable that nothing will satisfy you."

Leger had promised, among other letters of recommendations, to procure from a lady of his acquaintance, one to the Governor-general. He told the Hartleys that the lady had desired him to draw up a letter in such terms of recommendation

commendation as he thought his friend deſerved, and ſhe would tranſcribe it. He had wrote one, warmly recommending the diſſenting clergyman and his family, to the Governor's protection and patronage, aſſigning as the reaſon of their voyage to India, the death of a relation, as before mentioned. When he borrowed the Umbrella, he ſaid he would take this letter to the lady to be tranſcribed by her, and Hartley ſhould have it in a few days. This letter was enquired after; he ſaid he had loſt it out of his pocket while he was in trouble, but would write another.

This the Hartleys knew to be a falſehood, for they had ſeen the identical letter, among his dirty papers in the cloſet, but they did not think it prudent to let him know they had ſeen it. This circumſtance of falſhood and impoſition, led them to ſuſpect all the reſt; yet they continued to behave coolly civil to him,

but

but actually deliberated, whether it were not beſt to put up with their preſent loſs, give up all hope of his aſſiſtance with reſpect to India, and rid themſelves of him at once.

Leger quickly perceived his ſituation; for he was, as we have ſaid, keen and penetrating, and applied his wits for another *ſhift*, to ſecure his ſettlement with them a little longer. He knew how to turn either the virtues or foibles of perſons to his own advantage: he knew that the Hartleys were upright themſelves, and loved and admired truth in others: that they were eaſy and forgiving where a fault was acknowledged, and open to deception from the ſame quarter again. This was particularly the caſe with Mr. Hartley himſelf, who, though he had often ſuffered for it, could never bring his mind to ſuſpicion, where appearances were tolerably fair.

Upon

Upon him therefore the project was firſt to be tried, for Leger knew if he ſucceeded with him, and he had no doubt of it, the goodneſs of his heart, would lead him to uſe every argument to remove the ſuſpicions of his wife.

This adept at grimace, put on for two or three days, a demure and ſorrowful countenance, as if ſomething greatly troubled his mind: taking an opportunity when Hartley was alone, he thus addreſſed him.

"My dear ſir, you are ſo good a man, that I cannot bear you ſhould be deceived, and yet it is worſe than death to me to undeceive you, becauſe I muſt tell you of a conduct, for which I deteſt myſelf—a conduct ſo irrational—ſo brutiſh—ſo much below human nature, that if I repeat it again, I hope to God I ſhall not ſurvive it—but I know I ſhall not—I am cured of that folly, and ſhall never do the like again."

All

All this was pronounced with ſuch an air of ſorrow, and ſelf-abhorrence, that Hartley ſtared, and wondered what was to follow—this was the firſt time he had ever perceived the Counſellor out of love with himſelf—or ever heard him acknowledge he had done wrong. He waited ſilently and the other proceeded.

"I concealed the truth from you and Mrs. Hartley, becauſe I could not bear you ſhould know how fooliſhly I had acted; I thought you would hate me as bad as I do myſelf, and yet I cannot bear to deceive you, for I deteſt falſhood, as I do the devil." "Pray ſir, proceed," ſaid Hartley, "and tell me what all this means." "To be plain with you, ſir," ſaid Leger, "I have not been arreſted—I have been in no Spunging-houſe—I never was arreſted in my life—."

"Not arreſted—not in a Spunging-houſe—Where then had you been, that you came home in ſo horrible a pickle?"

"Vexed that my affairs did not go on according to expectation, and that I ſhould have no money for you until next term, I gave myſelf up to drinking, and was intoxicated the whole time, until my return home."

"And where is my Umbrella, have you drank that too?"

"Your Umbrella is ſafe, you ſhall have it in a few days, but you ſee I cannot go any where, in this damned naſty condition. You muſt know that my neceſſities have made me ingenious, I know how to make every thing for myſelf, except hats and ſtockings: I have got a coat up ſtairs, which I have ripped to pieces, and got preſſed; I will turn, and make it up, and then I will go about your buſineſs, and my own; and never fear, I ſhall redeem all yet, for by G-d, you ſhall never know me act ſo fooliſhly again."

Theſe

Theſe penitentials he was always conſtantly repeating, renewing his profeſſions of affection and friendſhip for Hartley, and his family—ſwearing by all that was ſacred, that they ſhould not loſe a farthing by him—that he would do every thing in his power to ſerve them—and aſſuring them that he would ſtill manage for Hartley to go to India alone, from whence, in a twelvemonth's time, he ſhould be able to remit ſufficient for them to follow him. In ſhort, he ſo managed, as to regain in a conſiderable degree, the confidence of theſe ſilly infatuated people, and they determined to keep him with them, ſo long as they continued in that houſe.

Want of ſucceſs in buſineſs, had determined Hartley to quit the houſe and ſhop, he was then in; and his proſpect of going to India, prevented him from ſeeking another. He hoped ſome aſſiſtance

from the benevolence of friends, which with what Leger was to lend him, joined to what his own effects would produce, he hoped would enable him to profecute his ſcheme; he therefore took lodgings to wait the event.

When the time came to quit his houſe and ſhop, Leger of conſequence was alſo to depart; he did ſo, after repeating the ſame vows and proteſtations, he had done before, promiſing to procure the letters within a week, and to viſit them in their own lodgings.

The coat he had made up, being tollerably decent, for a *man of ſhifts*, he got into another lodging, but depended on providence, or rather on his *ſhifts*, to procure ſubſiſtence. Theſe were, to viſit the few he was acquainted, and that knew but little of him, about the time of their meals: at ſuch times, common civility induces one to aſk perſons who are preſent,

ſent, to partake. Leger always modeſtly refuſed, he was going to breakfaſt, or dinner, or ſup elſewere: but he always recollected himſelf, that he was either too ſoon, or too late, and ſo accepted the invitation.

CHAP. XV.

Widow Walbrook—*the Houſe in the Garden*—*Story of* Sandford *and his Family.*

LEGER was to have viſited the Hartleys, within a week, with the letters of recommendation; but weeks paſſed and he never appeared. Trinity term was alſo over, the term on which ſo much depended to make Leger a gentleman. This long abſence awakened, or rather confirmed their ſuſpicions, that the hopes they had formed were vain. Hartley however, determined to gain what intelligence he could of the ſtate of Leger's affairs, and where he was: he went to a widow woman, whoſe name was Walbrook, whoſe houſe Leger uſed frequently

quently to viſit, ſuppoſing that here he ſhould have tidings, as he had heard both of them profeſs long acquaintance and friendſhip for each other.

Profeſſions of friendſhip with Leger, were nothing more than means to dupe the unwary, as we have ſeen in ſeveral capital inſtances: when he wanted money, he ſpared not the widow nor the orphans; all were alike to him, if he could over-reach them. To this widow, Hartley came to make enquiry; when ſhe told him the following tale——

"He called on me," ſaid ſhe, "one morning laſt week, and ſeemed in great ſpirits; he told me, his trial was to come on the next day, and he ſhould ſoon be out of his troubles; he ſeemed in a great hurry, and had not a moment's time to loſe. In the evening he returned, in as great a hurry: 'Walbrook,' ſaid he, 'lend me a guinea, or I am ruined:' I have not a guinea in the world, ſaid I,

how can you aſk to borrow of me? 'By God,' ſaid he, 'You muſt, or I am ruined: I cannot bring on my trial without it; and would you ſuffer me to be ruined for the want of ſuch a trifle?' To be ſure, ſaid I, I could go out and borrow ſuch a trifle, but when can I pay it again? 'Go,' ſaid he, 'in the name of God, and get it me, and you ſhall have it in twenty-four hours, or leſs.' I borrowed a guinea, I lent it him, but have not ſeen him from that time to this."

Hartley left her, he had enquired enough: he felt deeply for the poor woman, as well as for himſelf, and ſecretly curſed the villain, who could circumvent one ſo poor as ſhe was, with four children to provide for. For himſelf, all hopes of going to India were at an end: he was out of buſineſs, and living upon the ſpend entirely. His effects, when he left his ſhop, did not prove what he expected; and he knew not what courſe to take,

take. To add to his vexation, he received a letter from Leger, lamenting that he had not been able to bring on his trial, for want of three guineas: repeating aſſurance that next term would compleat the buſineſs, and profeſſing his great regard for Hartley and his family. All this had ſo much the air of inſulting their underſtandings, that they were greatly provoked at his impudence.

He called on them once or twice afterwards, repeated his profeſſions of friendſhip, and promiſes of payment; but finding his aſſertions diſregarded, they ſaw him no more for ſeveral weeks, and perhaps never would have ſeen him again, had not their own folly recalled him.

This hapleſs family had removed into lodgings, where now all hopes of India were at an end, for not only were they diſappointed in Leger, with regard to letters and a loan; but the expected aſſiſtance of friends failed them. They

looked around them for ſome way of buſineſs to ſupport them, but in vain; every door was ſhut againſt them, and they had no proſpect but of coming to poverty.

Anxiety of mind, and fatigue of body in going after a number of advertiſed affairs, threw Hartley into a fever, which nearly coſt him his life. Mrs. Hartley, naturally anxious, grappled with her diſtreſſes, until her huſband recovered: when the fatigues of nurſing him, added to her trouble of mind, threw her into a fever alſo; and though the medical art frequently relieved her, ſhe as frequently relapſed, inſomuch, that it was thought neceſſary to remove her into better air.

A friend of Hartley's, had a manufactory, a ſmall diſtance from town: it was ſurrounded by gardens, in which were little houſes, conſiſting of two or three rooms each. Theſe houſes and gardens belonged

belonged to tradeſmen of moderate circumſtances, who, though they could not afford elegant villas, like the more opulent cits, equally with them had a reliſh for, and found the benefit of the country air.

Hartley's friend, in imitation of his ſurrounding neighbours, had a little houſe, conſiſting of two rooms; in the garden behind the manufactory: the upper room contained a bed, ſo contrived to ſhut up, that when it was not uſed, it was not perceivable, without cloſe attention, that the room contained ſuch a conveniency: the lower room ſerved to prepare thoſe refreſhments which were neceſſary for a temporary reſidence: the wooden walls of this little cot, were covered with a beautiful vine; the lower part of which, formed a ſhady portico before the door; and the upper part, pleaſing feſtoons about the windows, whoſe proſpects were delightful, from

the number of little gardens and houſes which they overlooked.

To this ſweet retreat, Mrs. Hartley, attended by one of her daughters, retired for the benefit of her health. Mr. Hartley, ſpent as much of his time with her, as his rambles in ſearch of the means of living would permit. Had their minds been eaſy as to the means of future ſubſiſtence, they would not have wiſhed to exchange it for a palace; as the ſolitude was ſometimes enlivened by the viſits and converſation of a few ſelect friends.

Such retirements, are calculated for that rational converſation, which ariſes from a retroſpect of human life, and affords reflections and obſervations which improve the heart. In one of theſe little circles, Hartley, more talkative than uſual, attempted to entertain his friends, by giving them a narrative of things that fell under his own knowledge and obſervation,

ſervation, and which would give his friends and himſelf an opportunity of making ſome uſeful reflections.

"When I was a young man," ſaid Hartley, "I reſided three years at a village in the north part of Shropſhire, I boarded with the family, the eldeſt ſon of which, is the Hero of my tale. The name of this family was Sandford: but before I proceed to my tale, it will be neceſſary to give you ſome brief characteriſtics of the father, the mother, and the two eldeſt children of it.

Old Sandford held a conſiderable farm; beſides which, he followed the occupation of what is called in the Country, a Badger, and was principally known by the name of Badger Sandford. He was hated and vilified on this account, by the lower ſort of people, though he looked upon himſelf as a public benefit, and perhaps in ſome meaſure he was ſo; he attended all the markets for thirty miles

miles round him, and bought large quantities of Oats, which he ground into meal; he bought alſo, Potatoes, Cheeſe, Bacon, (and as that part of Shropſhire is a good corn-country)—Wheat, Rye, and Barley; and in ſhort, any thing he could buy worth his money.

He had a large warehouſe, in the Market-town next his farm: at this he principally reſided, as the centre of his extenſive buſineſs; leaving the care of his farm to his wife, and a couple of ſteady ſervants. From this warehouſe he ſent weekly, great quantities of Oatmeal, to Warrington, and ſometimes to Mancheſter: a capital article in a Country, where Oat-bread is the ſtaff of life, and where little of that, or any other grain is produced. This traffic in the proviſions of life, expoſed him to many inſults, and frequently endangered his life, as a ſcarcity of any kind, brought the vengeance of the populous upon *him*,

as

as the ſuppoſed author of it. They would follow his waggon miles from the town, to ſearch that they carried nothing but oatmeal.

Old Sanford was of an athletic conſtitution, and ſeemed a ſtranger to fatigue and wearineſs—his mind was as ſtrong as his body: his courage was never daunted, even when he had reaſon to believe he was way-laid to take away his life:—his temper was calm and unruffled, except when the loſs of money happened, that indeed rouzed him to paſſion: he was eager to get money, but had a hearty abhorrence of all enjoyment of it, beyond the bear neceſſaries of life: of conſequence, his food, and raiment, were of the coarſeſt and plaineſt ſort. His parſimony made him fearful of every one that lived decently, eſpecially if they had dealings with him, leſt as he phraſed it, they ſhould come to the dogs.

The

This man, all worldly as he was, as to wealth, was zealouſly religious—he had been educated in all the ſeverity of puritaniſm, and leaving money out of the queſtion, eſteemed every thing ſinful that did not partake of the nature of devotion. He had, when grown up, embraced the tenets of methodiſm, and frequently preached: and though he tranſacted ſo much buſineſs, would ride many miles to preach a ſermon.

Mrs. Sandford was a very pious woman, ſincerely devout, and humanely charitable: if in ſome articles of her faith, ſhe was as abſurd as her huſband, it was in matters of mere belief. She never loſt ſight of the great end of religion, that it is to purify the heart, and govern the life—ſhe was meek, patient, and inoffenſive—her heart melted at the tale of woe—and the little money ſhe could make of milk, eggs, and other trifles,

trifles, (for her huſband took care ſhe ſhould have no other) ſerved to indulge thoſe tender feelings, by relieving the neceſſities of the poor Villagers. Sandford in chooſing her for a wife, was not influenced by the tender paſſions, he laughed at every thing of that kind—his prudence guided his choice—ſhe was ſober, religious, and had a good fortune.

The eldeſt ſon Richard, was nineteen years old when I went to live with them—he had his father's ſtrength of conſtitution, and ardent paſſions, but his mother's open ingenuous mind—he naturally hated ſubterfuge; but ſuch was his father's ſeverity againſt all youthful recreations and pleaſures, that for the ſake of peace, he was ſometimes guilty of deceiving him. A detection or two of this kind, through the officiouſneſs of ſervants, ruined his credit with his father,

and

and rendered him always jealous of his conduct.

The great offences this lad was guilty of, was having clothes like other youths of his age—now and then ſpending an evening at ſome neighbour's houſe or other, for the ſake of a dance, or game at cards—not coming home from theſe meetings until midnight, or after. All this the old man thought very impious and irreligious: beſides, clothes coſt money—fidlers muſt be paid—caſh may be loſt at cards—and as he knew he allowed him none, he took it for granted, that he embezzled and ſold his property, to ſupport his expenſes: the truth was, his mother ſupplied him from her perquiſites, to preſerve him from that temptation; though thereby, ſhe had the leſs for the poor.

Other great offences, were, taking a horſe from labour, to go to a race—quitting the plough for an hour or two,

to

to the care of a ſervant, while he went with his gun, after a few birds.

The moſt heinous offence of all, was, his refuſing on the Lord's Day, to go to Meeting with his father. This was conſidered as hardened impiety: but the cauſe of his diſobedience, was not a diſlike to public worſhip, but a diſlike to appear in the dreſs his father approved, and he dared not appear in any other, for he knew the clothes would be taken from him, on his return home; and to prevent a ſeizure of them, at any time, they were kept at a neighbour's houſe.

As Richard's vivacity and ſtrong paſſion for youthful recreations, made him ſuch a tranſgreſſor in his father's eyes, it was impoſſible for him to pleaſe in any thing. If any accident happened to the cattle, or hedges, or the ſervants had done any thing wrong, it was cauſed by

by Richard's careleſſneſs, or wickedneſs —he was never ſpoken to at any time, with kindneſs and affection, inſomuch, that let him be in ever ſo much vivacity of ſpirits in the family, the ſound of his father's horſe's feet, damped him in a moment.

A treatment ſo void of all indulgence, and full of all ſeverity, made the youth think his father hated him; and he in return, hated his father, and religion for his father's ſake; ſo that he threw off all regard for both, and took his own way, in ſpite of all authority.

Eliza, the eldeſt daughter, was one year younger than her brother—ſhe was artful, ſly, and deceitful—ſhe ſtudied her father's temper, and made him believe ſhe entered into all his views of induſtry and œconomy—ſhe courted his partiality to herſelf, by continual accuſations againſt her brother, and inſinuations that her mother ſupplied his extravagances.

travagances. This attached him to her, as his beſt friend, and induced him to put her at the head of his buſineſs at the warehouſe, while Richard was forbid ſo much as to appear there, for fear of his committing depredations.

Fond of dreſs and recreation, as any other young perſon, though ſhe made her father believe the contrary—ſhe had her fine clothes in plenty, and her parties of young perſons, on the evenings of her father's abſence—ſhe was fearleſs of detection—the command of her father's caſh, enabled her to bribe the ſervants, who were all her creatures; and if any one elſe gave him any information, ſhe boldly denied it, and ſaid they were ſet on by Richard and his mother, to bring her under his diſpleaſure, which ſhe would not incur for the world.

So fully did ſhe gain the management of her father, and ſo much did he think her

her eſſential to his intereſt, that he permitted her to dreſs in a ſtyle above what he approved for himſelf, and the reſt of the family—he bought her a fine horſe to ride to meeting; though poor Richard, had he gone there, muſt have tramped five miles and back again, becauſe the horſes worked hard all the week; and the merciful man is merciful to his beaſt.

Such are the characteriſtic outlines of the four principal members of the Sandford's family, which naturally divided them into two parties, namely, the father and the daughter, againſt the mother and the ſon; and vice verſe. Mrs. Sandford was an affectionate mother to all her children, but Eliza withdrew herſelf from the maternal wing, to gain her father's partiality. Richard of conſequence, gained the mother's—he was more dear to her, not becauſe he uſed art

to

to gain her affections, for he was above diſſimulation; but becauſe he was perſecuted of his father and ſiſter; and ſhe of conſequence, perſecuted upon his account."

The little buſineſs of the tea-table, ſtopped for awhile the progreſs of the ſtory, but gave opportunity for the company to make obſervations on the characters they had heard.

A Mr. Adams, the venerable father of a large and happy family, began the comment. "I have often lamented," ſaid he, "that the greateſt bleſſing God has given men, and which he ordained to be the ſource of their peace, ſhould ſo often prove the ſource of their diviſions: I know ſeveral families, the heads of which, like old Sandford, are zealouſly religious, that live in a ſtate of continual oppoſition: the children of ſuch families, I have generally obſerved, have a greater diſlike to religion itſelf, and are more looſe

looſe in their morals and conduct, than the children of thoſe who make no profeſſion at all—I have often ſet myſelf to think what ſhould be the cauſe of it."

"And I dare ſay you can account for it," ſaid Mrs. Hartley, "do, ſir, favour us with your thoughts upon the ſubject."

"I think," ſaid Mr. Adams, "this misfortune generally ariſes from the fault of one or both of the parents: ſome perſons have a natural vivacity of temper more than others; ſuch a temper will create fear, but never can produce love: but if the bleſſed influences of the goſpel govern and ſweeten ſuch a temper, it will be but a temporary and trifling inconvenience in a family: but true religion teaches parents not to provoke their children, but encourage them; and a wiſe parent will endeavour to ground education more upon affection than authority. The friendſhip of our children is abſolutely neeeſſary to our ſucceſs with them

them; and it is alſo neceſſary to convince them of the reaſonableneſs of every reſtraint we lay upon their inclination, that not our *will* but their *welfare* is the motive of ſuch reſtraint.

On the other hand, if a monkiſh auſterity aſſume the name and place of religion, which is often the caſe, it will ſour a bad temper ſtill more, and make what in itſelf, was but an occaſional inconvenience, a continual evil. Such a parent will not reaſon and perſuade, but will command and compel. Fanaticiſm too, will inforce with the ſame rigorous authority, not only the precepts of the divine law, but the dogmas of its own creed.

What is the conſequence? Why the hilarity of youth naturally reſiſts an authority which forbids it every innocent enjoyment, and denies it every gratification, but to eat, drink, and ſleep. Diſguſted with unreaſonable reſtraint,

it revolts even at that which is reaſonable, and miſtaking all for religion, becauſe the parent calls it ſo, rejects the whole.

"You are right," ſaid Mr. Hartley, "What ſay you, ſir, (addreſſing young Mr. Adams,) has not your father given us a good account of the matter?"

"My father, ſir," ſaid the youth, "has practiſed what he tells you are his ſentiments: had he been an old Sandford, I had been ruined, as I fear poor Richard was; but as tea is over, pray, ſir, proceed with the ſtory."

"If he was not ruined," ſaid Hartley, "it was no thanks to his father, his ſufferings were great, but the father of mercies took him under his protection."

"When I firſt went to board there, as I was an acquaintance and friend of his father's, he ſuppoſed I was governed by the ſame ſentiments; and that I ſhould be a ſpy upon his conduct, and a cauſe

of

of trouble to him. His behaviour was ſhy and unſociable, and he took not the leaſt pains to hide his diſguſt. I had heard ſo many complaints of him, that I was not more prejudiced in his favour, than he in mine; but was reſolved, while I reſided there, to be on civil terms with him.

I expected to have found him a monſter of wickedneſs: but after ſome weeks obſervation, nothing could I perceive, but what I have related: my prejudice was removed, and I determined to remove his, and try to make a companion of him, in that ſolitary place. I had no difficulty to do this, as he ſaw I was not of the party with his father and ſiſter. We ſoon became companions, and then friends, ſo unreſervedly ſo, on his part, that he communicated to me his whole heart.

His poor mother was overjoyed at our intimacy, and hoped, as I had conſidera-

ble influence with the father, I might be able to ſoften his rigour to poor Richard. perſuaded Richard to make the firſt overtures of reconciliation, by an attentive and obliging behaviour to him; and by going to Meeting, dreſſed as his father wiſhed him to do. He took my advice, his father obſerved it with ſome degree of pleaſure, and remarked to me the change. It was now my time, I remonſtrated with him on the duty of parents to children—I aſſured him, there had been meddling perſons, who had gone between him and his ſon—I inſiſted from my own knowledge, that Richard was diſpoſed to pleaſe him, and earneſtly coveted his friendſhip and tenderneſs—he ſeemed affected—the tears ſtood in his eyes—and he was pleaſed to ſay, That I was the reſtorer of his child.

When the family met at ſupper, as Richard ſtill continued his attention to his father—he met a gracious return, and affectionate

affectionate kindneſs he had long been unuſed to:—the mother and the ſon were happy, and often turned their eyes with ſpeaking gratitude towards me, as the promoter of the preſent peace. Old Sandford obſerved they were pleaſed with his kindneſs, and believed it, as it really was, the ſeal of all that I had told him.

Sandford retired, as he always did, early to reſt, and left us to chat and enjoy ourſelves according to cuſtom. We congratulated one another upon our ſucceſs, and encouraged the pleaſing dreams of hope. "When you firſt came here," ſaid Richard, "I wiſhed you at the devil, for I thought all my father's friends were like him and his relations—I expected to find you a troubleſome enemy; how happily am I deceived! I ſhall ever love you while I live, for this act of friendſhip." "Richard," ſaid I, "if I have been your friend, and you expect me to continue ſo, I expect that you will ſuffer

me to remonſtrate with you when you do wrong—I expect that you will follow my advice, if I can make it appear it is for your good—my friendſhip for your father, will not ſuffer me to deceive him, and my friendſhip for you, gives me a right to tell you of your faults."

"You ſhall," ſaid Richard, "I can bear your reproof, becauſe you do not rate me like a dog—you ſhall be my brother, my friend and my guide; and I will be ruled by you in every thing. His poor mother, delighted at her heart, bleſſed God, and prayed for bleſſings on me.

Alas! how did we all reckon without our hoſt! an angel from Heaven, could not have reſtored unanimity to this wretched family while the wicked Eliza poſſeſſed her father's partiality. The next day when he went to the warehouſe, he related to her with pleaſure her brother's behaviour to him, and the converſation

converſation he had with me. She was ſeriouſly alarmed, and well had ſhe reaſon to be ſo; the reſtoration of her brother, would have brought her into a predicament, not only dangerous to her dominion over the whole family, but which might have brought to light ſome of her works of darkneſs.

Aware of this, ſhe affected great ſurpriſe and grief, that her father ſhould be ſo impoſed upon; ſhe aſſured him, Richard was no changeling—that it was all a trick, a contrivance of the mother and ſon to get him into favor; and they had deceived that good natured man, to make him their tool:—ſhe then added a train of accuſations, which her father believed, and his returning kindneſs for his ſon gave up the ghoſt.

Richard's attempts to pleaſe, were now ineffectual, he was diſcouraged from continuing them, and the breach be-

tween him and his father grew wider than ever, in ſomuch, that he inſiſted Richard ſhould quit home; Richard as peremptorily refuſed to do ſo, unleſs his father would make ſome proviſion for him; ſo it was propoſed to ſend him to Jamaica.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Story of Sandford *Continued.*

"I Am provoked," ſaid Miſs Adams, (a daughter of the venerable man) "I am provoked beyond all patience, at this Eliza Sandford: of what a dreadful diſpoſition muſt ſhe be, thus to hinder the peace of the family, by keeping up her father's reſentment againſt her brother."

"She was induced to do ſo, from a regard to her own intereſt I conceive," ſaid Mr. Adams, "more than from a diſlike to her brother. You have heard, that fine clothes, and merry meetings, were as pleaſing to her as to her brother; but ſituated as ſhe was, ſhe could make her

father pay for them: if Richard had recovered his father's favour, he might have ſtepped into her place, put an end to her reign, and perhaps in his turn, become accuſer. Selfiſhneſs was her motive, the governing principle with the bulk of mankind: thouſands who are ſeeking one anothers ruin, and would ſtop at nothing to compaſs it, do ſo *only* becauſe they ſtand in one anothers way: but we interrupt the ſtory."

"There lived," ſaid Mr. Hartley, "at a Village, a few miles from Sandford's, a gentleman farmer, named White: connections in buſineſs, had brought on an acquaintance between the two families, who frequently viſited each other, and the young people would be together at one or the other houſe for a week together. Mr. White, had a daughter exactly the age of young Sandford. Intimacy grew to love, and Richard and Maria, found an attachment to each other,

other, which they could not break, though they both knew it muſt involve them in difficulties.

Mr. White, and his family, were Roman Catholics, and at the head of that people in thoſe parts; the chapel being in their houſe. They were devout after the forms of their religion, but they did not reſt in theſe ſuperſtitions, as too many do: they were virtuous, benevolent, good kind of people: even the cenſorious Sandford, could ſay nothing againſt them, but that they were Papiſts.

Maria was agreeable in her perſon, of a ſweet and engaging behaviour, and a moſt amiable diſpoſition: ſhe had taken much pains to furniſh her mind with whatever was neceſſary for a woman to know; her fortune was ſmall, becauſe Mr. White had many children, but her accompliſhments and family, entitled her to look higher than an alliance with the Sandfords.

Richard's difficulties in this love affair, were principally with her parents; who declared againſt it on account of his being a heretic. His father's diſpleaſure, and the almoſt moral certainty that he would give him nothing, was not an inſuparable bar with them, and would Richard have turned Catholic, would have been no bar at all. He however, was immovably a Proteſtant.

Maria's difficulties were much greater, ſhe had been ſo ſtrictly educated in the biggotry of her religion, that her conſcience was wounded on account of her love: ſhe thought herſelf a ſinner againſt God, for loving one of his enemies with more than a love of benevolence: her parents, her confeſſor, all urged this doctrine upon her, and exhorted her to conquer her paſſion. She feared too, that ſhould ſhe marry him, her affection for him, and his authority over her as a huſband, might occaſion her apoſtacy from the

the true faith, and plunge her in eternal perdition.

In this ſtate matters were, when old Sandford was made acquainted with his ſon's attachment; he had no objection to the family, but their religion, and *that* he was as biggotted againſt, as they were againſt his, and as cordially gave them to the devil. This addition to Richard's ſins, in his father's eyes, helped to bring on that criſis I have mentioned, the ſending him to Jamaica.

Weary of living at home, and finding Maria reſolute in her determination not to marry him on account of her religious ſcruples, he conſented to go and ſeek his fortune in Jamaica, if his father would pay his paſſage there. This was conſented to by the father, as the moſt likely means of getting rid of him for ever.

This event, was a ſevere ſtroke to his poor mother: to have the darling of her heart thus torn from her, perhaps for-

ever,

ever, was little leſs afflictive, than following him to the grave: but there was no help, his father was determined he ſhould go, or he would confine him in a jail: for he pretended, from ſome angry words Richard had let drop, and from the inſinuations of Eliza, that he went in danger of his life.

The day before Richard's departure, old Sandford requeſted me to accompany his ſon to Liverpool, he gave me the money to pay his paſſage, with a ſtrict charge not to let him have it, for fear he ſhould ſpend it. This tender father, then ſet out on a journey of ſome days, without taking any leave of his ſon.

The parting of the brother and ſiſter, was cold enough on her part; ſhe however made him a trifling preſent in money and wiſhed him well: but the parting of the mother and ſon, was deeply affecting, and Richard's heart ſobbed for miles on the road.

Having

Having executed my commiſſion at Liverpool, in paying the Captain for his paſſage, I took an affectionate leave of Richard, promiſing to correſpond with him; and returned home to comfort the ſorrowful mother.

Three days paſt, and we heard nothing from Richard; on the evening of the third, as his mother and I were ſitting, who ſhould enter but himſelf: he had enquired if his father was from home, and hearing he was, ventured in: you will ſuppoſe our ſurpriſe was great; his poor mother was terrified with apprehenſion, as ſhe expected every thing dreadful from his inexorable father.

Love conquered Richard's reſolution of going to a diſtance from his father: could Maria have gone with him, he would have gone to the ends of the earth: all his paſſions were impetuous and ardent, and his paſſion for Maria, was not leſs ſo than his other inclinations: had he

he gone, and providence had favoured him with ſucceſs abroad, he could not hope to return for ſeveral years; and in that time, ſome good Catholic might have poſſeſſed, what he held deareſt in the world: this determined him to return.

The Captain was a worthy good ſort of a man: Richard told him his ſituation with his father, and the cruel neceſſity he was under, of going againſt his will, to a country where he had neither friend nor connection. The Captain was moved with his ſtory, and conſidered his ſituation, as diſgraceful as the tranſportation of a felon; and as hazardous with regard to doing well abroad. He generouſly returned him the greater part of the money paid for his voyage, and adviſed him to try his fortune in his own country.

Releaſed from the Captain, he went directly to Mr. White's, aſked an aſylum

there, which he offered to pay for, and begged his intereſt to make up matters with his father: this was conſented to, but Richard's deſign in going there, was more to make love conquer religious bigotry, than to be reconciled to his father, for of that he had little hope.

Mr. White, acquainted old Sandford of Richard's return, and deſire of reconciliation. Mr. White was a good man, and poſſeſſed all the bowels of a father: he urged every argument that reaſon or religion ſuggeſted to him; but he was a Catholic, and not to be regarded on thoſe topics. Beſides, old Sandford thought him an eaſy good-natured fool, who ſuffered himſelf to be duped by his wife and children, and therefore, not fit to adviſe him: he went farther, he charged Mr. White and his family, as confederates with his ſon, to chouſe him of his money, under a pretence of going abroad;

and

and forbid Richard ever more entering the door of his houſe.

Richard continued with Mr. White, who pitying his hard lot, and having a great regard for Mrs. Sandford, kept him as one of his own children, and employed him on his farm, or ſent him to the markets, where it was often the lot of his father to ſee him, but never with emotions of paternal affection. He often viſited his mother, who felt a paternal happineſs, that her favourite ſon was not wholly baniſhed from her.

Prudence ſuggeſted to Mr. and Mrs. White, that Richard's preſence in their family, was by no means likely to wean Maria's affections from him; yet they thought their religion required them to harbour and ſuccour the deſerted Richard: a kind of pious pride ſtimulated them to ſhew, that the Catholic religion taught them to be merciful, and inſpired them with diſpoſitions, which placed them

them in a ſelf-approved contraſt with old Sandford, and all his pretenſions to faith and grace.

Maria was removed with her own conſent, to a relation's at a diſtance: ſhe even propoſed, and her parents approved it, to retire to a Convent, and take the veil, as the certain means of preventing her paſſion for Richard, from betraying her into the weakneſs and wickedneſs of marrying a heretic. Richard ſoon learned her intention, and beſtirred himſelf to prevent it. Maria was at a diſtance, but letters could reach her; theſe produced anſwers, and brought on a correſpondence between them, which effectually annihilated all that was hoped for from abſence.

Agonizing between religion and love, Maria's health viſibly declined: her piety led her to be open and explicit with regard to the cauſe of it, in her confeſſions to her ſpiritual director: he told her

her ingenuouſly, that he ſhould highly approve her taking the vail, if there was the leaſt ground of hope, that her conſtitution could ſupport the irrevocable vow: but as matters ſtood, he conceived her death would ſoon follow it. For her to take the veil, ſinking as ſhe was already under a paſſion ſhe could not conquer, was a kind of ſuicide, under the guilt of which the church could not relieve her. He commended her for the pious ſtruggles ſhe made with her affections, and aſſured her, that as God did not require impoſſibilities of his creatures, neither would the church deny its abſolutions to her weakneſs.

Maria's conſcience thus relieved, her refuſals to Richard's preſſing intreaties to take a huſband, rather than the veil, were conſiderably ſoftened, and ſhe at laſt acquainted him with the opinion of her confeſſor, but added at the ſame time, her many fears, leaſt their difference

ence of religion ſhould be a ſource of unhappineſs between them. Richard was triumphant, he was greater in his own eyes, than Alexander the Great: he had by dint of perſeverance, conquered the bigotry of a rigid Papiſt. He wrote to Maria in return, expreſſing his joy that the ſentiments of the Prieſt, ſo exactly accorded with the dictates of his love. He ſolemnly promiſed, that her peace of mind, even in matters of religion, ſhould always be his ſtudy, reſerving to himſelf the rights of his own judgment.

The prieſt alſo wrote to Mr. White, informing him of his opinion concerning Maria's health, and adviſing his conſent to the union; adding by way of encouragement, that he was not ſure it would not pleaſe God to convert the young man to the true faith.

Maria returned home, where the affectionate tenderneſs of her parents, and the

the aſſiduities of her lover, ſoon recovered her health and ſpirits."

"Pray," ſaid Miſs Adams, "where was this wicked Eliza all this while? for we have heard nothing of her." "Not by name indeed," ſaid Mr. Hartley; "but her father's anſwer to Mr. White was dictated by her. She moreover aſſured her father, that Richard lived at Mr. White's as he had done at home, the life of a gentleman, minding nothing but his pleaſures—that the White's ſuffered it, becauſe they hoped by Richard's marrying Maria, they ſhould draw ſome of the Sandford's money into their family—and that young White alſo had made a courtſhip to her, for the ſame purpoſe—that Maria was an impudent, idle Girl, and fit for nothing but a fine lady. All this while, ſhe profeſſed the moſt affectionate friendſhip for Maria, and regularly correſponded with her, who, in the ſimplicity of her unſuſpecting

ing heart, opened to her, all the conflict of her ſoul, on account of Richard."

"I believe," ſaid Mr. Adams, "we all agree to reprobate the inexorable ſpirit of old Sandford: but is he not to be pitied as well as blamed?—he was much from home, and could not ſee with his own eyes, the tranſactions of his own family—he confided in Eliza, and ſhe abuſed his confidence. Family diviſions, and the unhappy effects ariſing from them, are often the conſequences of weak parents hearkening to the tales of children againſt one another — the wicked and artful endeavouring to ſupplant the unſuſpecting. It was always a maxim with me, never to receive an accuſation of one child againſt another; but to diſcourage the tale-bearer, by ſome mark of my diſpleaſure. I believe the unity and peace of my children, and perhaps their love of one another, was much promoted by this conduct."

"I

"I am much pleaſed," ſaid young Mr. Adams, 'with the generous goodneſs of the white family. I feel myſelf much intereſted for Richard; perhaps it is natural for young perſons to feel a peculiar ſympathy for thoſe about their own age: but I remarked in the courſe of your narrative, not only a warm eſteem for the family of the Whites, but a very gentle treatment of their religion. Now my honoured father there, always taught me to think of popery with horror.

"And your father did right, ſir," ſaid Hartley, "for popery conſidered as a ſyſtem of religion, is a horrible monſter; but this is not a time to diſcuſs that ſubject: if I ſpoke of it without particular cenſure, it was, becauſe I was not diſputing againſt Popery, but narrating circumſtances, in which Papiſts happened to be concerned: Perſons that I loved and venerated for their virtues. All mankind are brethren, no different

ence of country, colour, or religion, can break with me, the fraternal bond. If ſome perſons are more eſtimable in my eyes than others, it is not their creed, but their virtues make them ſo; and if goodneſs mark the character, abſurdity of belief, is no objection with me."

"I wiſh, brother," ſaid Miſs Adams, "you will let Mr. Hartley and my father have done preaching—I want to hear of the wedding, and whether they met with any more difficulties—poor Maria, I pity her, but yet I think ſhe was a fool, for being ſo ſcrupulous about religion—I do not believe I ſhould have been ſo."

"I believe not," ſaid her father, "becauſe you are not ſo good a girl as Maria—but hold your tongue, huſſy, or you will ſet me a preaching again, and then you muſt wait longer for the wedding."

"Mr. White," ſaid Hartley, "thought it right to make one effort more with

old Sandford. He waited on him, and acquainted him with the intended alliance—requeſted his conſent to it, and ſtated the neceſſity for it, from the unalterable attachment of the young people—he offered at the ſame time, to give Maria equal to what old Sandford ſhould pleaſe to give his ſon, to put them in a Farm to provide for themſelves.

Sandford heard him with much patience and calmneſs, and when he had done, began in his turn. "Are you ſuch a fool, White, as to regard any thing about the love of Boys and Girls?"—— "Yes," ſays Mr. White, "I was once young myſelf and have not forgot what I then ſuffered, before I obtained my dear Anna; but thank God, our happy union has made amends for all."

"Nonſenſe, nonſenſe, all nonſenſe: I tell you, White, when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." "Let us prevent it, Mr Sandford, by

by enabling them to live." "Enable them to live! why man, if we were to give them all we are worth, it would be gone in a year or two—if you are ſuch a fool as to give your Daughter and your money, to a Rake-hell, to ſquander it away, you may: but I think you had better pay away to your creditors: and as to my ſon, what can he expect of me? does he think to rank with his obedient ſiſter? I ſhould be more wicked than he, were I thus to reward his diſobedience."

"But, ſir," ſaid Mr. White, "if he has offended you, and you think proper to ſhew your reſentment, by making a difference between him and Eliza, you ought to remember that he is your child, and do ſomething for him." "Not a ſhilling to ſave him from periſhing; he has robbed me of enough already—let him go to work, or ſtarve—but I expect he will come to the gallows."

"The father of mercies, (as I before ſaid) took Richard under his protection. Maria and he were married by double ceremony, Proteſtant and Catholic. Mr. White gave them what he could ſpare, and his connections among the Catholics raiſed a little more, for Maria was much beloved—they ſettled at Liverpool —Richard turned Badger like his Father, and by diligence and the bleſſing of Providence, got forward in the world."

CHAP. XVII.

Sandford's *Story ended*—Hartley's *ſecond Folly, with regard to* Leger—*Widow Williams.*

"I Suppoſed," ſaid Miſs Adams, "now they are married and comfortably ſettled, we have done with them; and yet I ſhould like to know what befell them afterwards—what kind of life they lived—whether he was reconciled to his father—and what became of the wicked Eliza."

"You ſhall be gratified," ſaid Hartley: "I removed from Shropſhire, to the vicinity of Coventry, where I married and ſettled.—Richard and I correſponded occaſionally. The information he gave

me, was, that Maria and he were happy in each other—that he proſpered in buſineſs—that Eliza was married—and that his father was now on civil terms with him—that his mother, ſince the marriage of Eliza, was as happy as ſhe could be with a man of his father's temper and ſentiments.

Six years after I had left that country I was one day ſurpriſed by the entrance of Richard and Maria:—Pleaſure and health ſat on their countenance, and their appearance indicated proſperity in their circumſtances—they told me they were going to French Flanders to fix there in the mercantile way — that they could not paſs near my reſidence without ſtopping a few days to renew the old friendſhip, and talk over the former ſcenes to which I had been a witneſs. We taſted in this interview, that pleaſure, which reſults from the retroſpection of diſtreſſes paſt and gone. Richard's warm and

eager

eager temper would not always permit him to ſpeak of his Father and Siſter without acrimony — but the amiable Maria ſeemed to forgive them from her heart.

After ſtaying about a week, they departed: Richard wrote to me from Dunkirk, and ſent me a ſmall preſent of French wines. Matters not anſwering their expectations there, they went to Peterſburgh, and I heard of them no more for near twenty years.

After that term, when I conſidered them as loſt to me, I received a letter from Richard, informing me, that time had not eraſed from his mind, the remembrance of an old friend; who, upon enquiry, he found was ſtill living; and after kind enquiries of what had happened in ſo long an interval, gave me his own ſtory—which was, that

They ſoon returned from Ruſſia to England, and with three children,

(which they had left with Mr. White,) they went over to America, and ſettled there: providence proſpered them, and in a few years they became rich—the troubles breaking out in that Country, Richard joined the royaliſts, and of conſequence loſt his all. His eldeſt ſon ſettled as a merchant, in Philadelphia: his eldeſt daughter married a wealthy planter, in Virginia: himſelf and Maria returned to England, he obtained a penſion from government, and lived in eaſe and affluence at Liverpool.

"Eliza was married," ſaid Miſs Adam's, "Pray was that all her puniſhment for her wickedneſs?" "My dear," ſaid Hartley, "God does not always puniſh the wicked in this world. However, Eliza's marriage was in ſome ſort a juſt puniſhment: ſhe married a man the very duplicate of her father; and had to practice for life, in defence of her own peace, that affected ſubmiſſion and conformity

formity which had enabled her to deſtroy the peace of others."

"Well," ſaid Mr. Adams, "we are obliged to Mr. Hartley for his tale, and I am glad to hear matters went ſo well with Richard in the end: let our children be thankful they have not ſuch fathers, and look well to their future ways, for if they go wrong, they have no old Sandford's to blame."

Mrs. Hartley's health being better, ſhe returned to town, and Hartley meeting with a ſhop, the ſituation of which pleaſed him, and the buſineſs likely to preſerve him from that poverty which he feared, he gave a premium for it, and entered on poſſeſſion: a few days however, convinced him that he had been defrauded, the perſons who gave him poſſeſſion having no right to do ſo, much leſs to take a premium for it.

Luckily no money was paid, only a note given for payment at a limited

time: this circumſtance encouraged Hartley to think he might poſſibly obtain redreſs.

We have ſaid before, that the Hartleys own folly put them again into the power of Leger, or rather it was Hartley's own folly, as his prophetic wife foreboded how the affair would end. He ſought out Leger, acquainted him with his ſituation, and aſked his advice? Leger rejoiced that he had it in his power to ſerve his dear Mr. Hartley—it ſhould not coſt him a farthing, except for fees of office—his own time and trouble ſhould be gratis—he would be Counſellor, Solicitor, Attorney, and every thing.

The ſcheme was plauſible, it was to file a bill in Chancery, and obtain an injunction againſt the note, on the preſumption that the ſwindlers would never put in their anſwer; and as Leger was

to

to do his part gratis, this would be done without much expenſe.

The undertaking of this buſineſs, gave Leger again the run of Hartley's houſe, he was a conſtant attendant at two or three meals every day, to take inſtructions, or to report progreſs—Caſh was advanced for all the purpoſes for which it was aſked—ſubpoenas were ſerved on the dilinquents—and matters ſeemed in train: but the filing of the bill was continually delayed, until the time of the note was almoſt expired.

The Hartleys alarmed at this procraſtination, began to remonſtrate; while Leger aſſured them they had yet good time to accompliſh the buſineſs. "Do you think, my dear friends, that I would deceive you—that I would bring you into a hobble and leave you? I thought you had known me better—What inducement can I have, to ſpend my time and take ſo much trouble as I do, merely

to deceive you in the end? but if you have a mind to be chouſed out of your money, what is to me—but this is my thanks for all my concern for you—by G-d, if I did not love you as my own brother, I ſhould be angry and drop the affair."——

The next day came, and ſtill the matter was delayed, and as the Hartleys grew more anxious—he went on proteſting that the buſineſs would be done in time, "Are you not fools," ſaid he, "to be ſo uneaſy? Is not your cauſe good? the note is a fraud, a palpable fraud, and we ſhall have our injunction in three days—if I do not file the bill to-morrow, I wiſh to God I may never ſtraiten my right arm. Meet me, Mr. Hartley, to-morrow at Joe's, and you ſhall go with me to the ſix clerks office, and ſee it done: but I muſt have more money; I wiſh I may never wake again, if

if I ſleep this night until I have finiſhed writing this bill."

With theſe proteſtations Hartley was eaſy, and on the morrow, went at the time appointed to Joe's Coffee-houſe, to meet Leger. Hour paſſed after hour, but no Leger appeared; and the time for doing the buſineſs was paſt: Hartley went to the office and enquired if Leger had been there and had filed a bill for him? They had not ſeen him. Hartley returned ſorrowfully home, convinced now that his Chancery ſuit was all a hum.

Hartley now gave up the cauſe for loſt, and ſettled his mind to pay the money for which the note had been fraudulently obtained. More chagrined at the triumph of the ſharpers, whom the ſubpoenas had made to tremble, than at loſs of the money itſelf. On the evening before the note became due, Leger, as if he thought there was no end to Hartley's folly, ſent a meſſenger to requeſt him

him not to pay the money, and he would yet ſee him ſafely through. Hartley ſent him for anſwer, that he had been ſwindled and fooled long enough, and would not have any thing more to do with him.

The next morning (the morning of the day the note was payable) Hartley received the following letter.

"Your expreſſions to the man I ſent to your houſe, ſeemed more the effect of raving than common anger, but as I am well convinced a little diſappointment has happened, not (God knows) by any deſign of mine, but a pure and ſimple accident, I cannot help excuſing much of your concern: depend on't it is not yet too late; you have not paid the money, and where you have been ſo groſsly defrauded and taken in (ſurely if they arreſt you, ſome friend will bail you) you may depend that juſtice will be done you: the coſt will be trifling, and there are only three days of Term expired. I

am

am ſure I ſhall heartily and freely beſtow my labour and cloſeſt attention upon it. If they arreſt you, I ſhall exert myſelf to procure you bail: I am ſure, if the officer will accept of me for one, I ſhall readily do it; and now in Term time, it will not be difficult to releaſe you. My own affairs are coming faſt to a criſis, I expect my trial in ten days, when it will be in my power to render you ſome ſervices. I beg of you not to be miſled by falſe prejudices concerning me: I proteſt to God, I have acted with as much ſincerity for you, as I ſhould for myſelf: and if you knew as well as I do, how the thing was impeded, you would excuſe it.

If you mean to do yourſelf juſtice in this buſineſs, the bill, which is half drawn, ſhall be ready by to-morrow, when no further delay can happen. If you mean I ſhould ſerve you, let me have a line immediately,

I am, wiſhing you more comfort,

Yours, A. LEGER."

Hartley was rouſed by this letter to the rage of paſſion. "Dog!" ſaid he, "Cruel dog! to diſtreſs me with anxiety—bewilder me in error—and leave me in perplexity: then to have the impudence to offer to plunge me in greater difficulties and expenſe: had he not the moſt conſummate impudence of any human being, he would not inſult my underſtanding; and did he not know the ſuperiority of his ſtrength, he would not dare to do it: one thing I can do, if he has any feelings, my pen ſhall ſtab him to the ſoul."

Hartley accordingly wrote in the bitterneſs of his heart as follows,

"What epithet ſhall we beſtow upon the man, who under the maſk of friendſhip, leads the unwary and unſuſpecting into difficulties and ridicule, and then inſults their diſtreſs, by an offer to do them further miſchief? Swindles them out of their money and victuals, under

a

a pretence of rendering them the moſt eſſential ſervices? Swears, proteſts, and wiſhes the moſt bitter evils upon himſelf—if he does not perform, what he never deſigned?

If you, ſir, know ſuch a man, tell him from me, that in the bitterneſs of my ſoul I execrate and deteſt him. I call him neither villain nor ſcoundrel—they are epithets that do not riſe to my idea, I wiſh you would help me to one more ſuitable.

However, tell *that* man, that my curſe, and the curſe of my injured family, ſhall follow him until he terminates his infamous career before the debtors door, where many an honeſter man has made his exit.

Tell him, that to play with the feelings of anxious minds, and divert himſelf with the dilemmas into which he brings them, while he robs them of

their

their property, is baſeneſs below the common thief.

Tell him, whatever your own conſcience (if you have any) dictates, and clothe it with ſuitable words of which you have plenty.

F. HARTLEY."

How Leger was affected by this letter, will beſt appear by his reply to it; which he carried and delivered with his own hands.

"In anſwer to your ſcrawl, which ſeems as if copied from ſomething ſcratched in one of the Cells of Bethlehem, rather than the produce of the ſmalleſt degree of reaſon; I now tell you, not in the jeſuitical interrogatory manner in which you wrote, but with my proper ſignature, that every iota is as falſe in theory as it is unfounded in fact.

When I left your houſe on Wedneſday evening, your good wife muſt *ſoberly* allow,

low, that ſhe offered me more money than I would accept. I can prove, that I laid out more on your account, than the *few ſhillings* you and ſhe reluctantly parted with, in an affair of conſequence to you both.

That night I was obliged to call where I dined that day, on an affair of the greateſt conſequence to *myſelf* which is now at iſſue: I was there unavoidably detained until two in the morning: unwilling to be worſe than my word to you, though I knew it was not eſſential to ſave you from being arrelled or to gain your cauſe, I endeavoured to finiſh the bill without going to bed, but found the taſk too great: I conſequently went to reſt, and owing to fatigues, did not awake before eight on thurſday evening.

Friday I applied at the office, through which ſome of the proceedings of arreſt muſt paſs, and left your addreſs, that you might have immediate notice if any thing

thing was out againſt you: and on Saturday I finiſhed the engroſſing of your bill.

On Sunday evening, thinking your caſe as hard as your ignorance is great, I ſent for you, in order, by ourſelves, apart from your *patient*, *good-natured*, *unſuſpicious*, *unbackbiting* wife; that there I might coolly and ſoberly tell you what to do.

The abuſe you vomited againſt me, to the man I ſent, I conſidered only as the diſcharge of a diſordered ſtomach, and the aching of a *very weak head*. I therefore, pitying ſtill the ſort of ſuicide you were going to commit on the buſineſs, and the dilerium you were under, roſe early on Monday morning, and warned you by letter of the raſh ſtep you were about to take: yet all this zeal and attention is treated as enmity: one would think it ſcarce poſſible!!

On the evening of that day, I received your ſcrawl, and any perſon may judge of

of my ſurpriſe, at finding myſelf called, A man acting infamouſly—a perfect ſwindler—that villain, or ſcoundrel, were epithets too mild for me: and all this from a man, and on account of a caſe, wherein I proteſt before God Almighty, I never acted with more heart-felt and warm zeal.

I am now to tell you, in the moſt direct and upright terms, that you are an *ungrateful liar*. I can make it appear, that in lieu of my owing you money, you are at this moment in my debt, though perhaps as ſoon as my affair is ſettled, I ſhall overlook my demand on you; not for your ſake, but on account of your innocent unoffending children.

I alſo tell you, *you ignorant aſs!* that I have legal evidence againſt you and your wife, for defaming me, not only in my profeſſional, but private character, ſufficient to make your maſter's maſter look grave; but all this I ſhall at this time overlook on the ſame ſcore; yet I ſeriouſly

ouſly tell you, that by the l——g G-d, if I ever hear a ſingle trace of your's or your wife's calumniating tongues hereafter, I ſhall ſcrutiniſe the matter with the cloſeſt attention, and immediately take every ſtep againſt you, the laws of this country will juſtify.

You who ſo freely ſport with your neighbour's name, pray who and what are *you*? I know more of you than you perhaps are aware: were you a gentleman I ſhould uſe another ſort of language.

I can refer any man that wiſhes to know my character, to gentlemen of rank and fortune in this city, who have known me for years: and I defy friend or enemy, at home or abroad, to ſay, I ever injured any man, or acted either diſhonourably, or diſreſpectfully in my profeſſion. I relinquiſhed a large fortune for my principles, but what I am to have now, is more, if I am well informed, than

you

you or any of your family ever poſſeſſed, and that fairly and honourably acquired.

You talk of your and your wife's feelings: Zounds, do you think no body elſe has feelings? I know that your's proceed from an extreme imbecility of *mind*; and her's from——her ſex demands ſilence.

Though I do not wiſh to correſpond with ſo foul mouthed, ſo falſe, and ſo ungrateful a correſpondent: yet, if you doubt a title of what I have aſſerted, I am ready to prove it. After this offer, ſurely! if you have any feeling, you muſt conſider yourſelf, as having moſt wantonly, ſcandalouſly, and vilely inſulted and abuſed a man, at that inſtant as actively and as ardently your friend, as any that ever had the misfortune to be acquainted with you, I am your greatly injured and hurt acquaintance,

A. Leger."

Hartley

Hartley had the ſatisfaction by this invective epiſtle, to know that he had made the villain feel: he contented himſelf with this revenge, and left Leger to purſue his *ſhifts*, until it ſhould pleaſe Providence to put an end to them.

Our Hero now went in ſearch of freſh reſourſes, in a part of the town wide of former ſcenes of action. He ſaw a bill for board and lodging in the window of a genteel houſe—he knocked, and was admitted to a conference with the lady.

Mrs. Williams, the miſtreſs of this houſe, was the widow of a tradeſman; her huſband had been dead about three years, in all which time, nothing elegible had offered in the matrimonial way; very much to the good lady's regret. A ſmall annuity, and the gain ſhe made by her lodgers, enabled her to ſubſiſt with decency, and nothing but a male companion was wanting to make her content with her lot.

Her

Her age was thirty-ſeven—her conſtitution amourous — her complexion brown to a great degree—her habit of body very fat—and her ſtatue very ſhort. Her underſtanding was weak—her knowledge of the world very little—and her tongue prodigiouſly voluble on all ſubjects that ſhe did or did not underſtand.

He introduced himſelf to her as a gentleman from the country, where he had reſided ſometime, on account of health and cheapneſs of living, while he waited the ſlow operations of the Court of Chancery, in a ſuit in which he was plantiff. He had friends, and even relations in town, but he did not chuſe they ſhould know of his being in town, until his affairs were ſettled; becauſe his preſent ſtraitened circumſtances prevented him from making a ſuitable appearance among them, as they wer perſons of faſhion and fortune. For this reaſon he did not chuſe to direct her to them for

his character, but if she would give herself the trouble to write into the country, he would give her the address of Philip Philpot, Esq. of Truro, in Cornwall, who was his most intimate friend: he in the mean time, would make himself as happy as he could in staying at his inn.

The widow acceded to the proposal—her terms for board and lodging, were agreed to on his part—he thought them very reasonable indeed—he should give her no trouble in the world, and be fully satisfied with the plainest viands. He departed, and the widow pleased with so generous and reasonable a gentleman, sat down to write her letter.

The next day, Leger called out of pure civility, to enquire after her welfare: this was taken exceeding kind, and he was invited and pressed to stay and take a cup of tea. This visit was to reconoitre the widow, and he read her so throughly

throughly, that he was certain of fixing here for a conſiderable time.

As he perceived that to exerciſe her tongue, was the delight of her life, and that to do it in a tete a tete with a male, was peculiarly agreeable; he called upon her every day, and carried her all the news he could pick up about town: In theſe converſations, he told her he was a widower, and had no incumberance of family: that his effects, when recovered, of which there was not the ſhadow of a doubt, would enable him to live genteely in the country, or even in town, with the help of his profeſſion, which was the law—that when ſettled, he ſhould look out for ſome ſuch amiable widow as herſelf, for a companion, for he was devoted to the ſex.

Mrs. Williams, was highly pleaſed with her lodger elect, and longed for a letter from Eſquire Philpot, that ſhe

might with propriety receive him into her houſe. Her ears had ſucked in with pleaſure, the information he had given her of his expectations and determinations. "Some ſuch amiable widow as herſelf," continually run in her head, and excited there, cogitations not a few, about the elevated rank of a Counſellor's Lady.

The day arrived when a letter was expected, but alas! to the grief and diſappointment of Mrs. Williams, no letter came. Leger called to know if it was come? and ſeemed equally chagrined with herſelf: he curſed the poſt for careleſsneſs, and ſuppoſed the letter miſcarried. Then recollecting himſelf, "No," ſaid he, "that may not be the caſe: Mr. Philpot, was to go into South Wales, the latter end of this month, perhaps ſomething of conſequence has occaſioned him to go ſooner: the letter may lay

until

until his return; or if ſent after him, it would ſtill occaſion a conſiderable delay: it was a great diſappointment to him, not to enjoy a family-ſociableneſs with the agreeable Mrs. Williams; but as matters were, ſhe muſt undoubtedly put the bill again in the window."

CHAP. XVIII.

Leger's *Connection with Mrs.* Williams—*The Law Suit—The Triumph.*

THE widow pauſed—"Perhaps," ſaid ſhe, "the next poſt"—"Perhaps not," ſaid Leger, "be that as it may, it is damned inconvenient and expenſive to be at an Inn—but I ſee no remedy, unleſs my charming friend had faith enough to take me into her houſe, and wait a poſt or two; for I am certain my friend Philpot will write the moment he receives your Letter—he is the moſt punctual man in the world, and as attentive to the Ladies as myſelf."

The

The widow paused again, prudence forbad her accedeing to the propofal, but ſhe liked his appearance; beſides, he was ſo polite, ſo conſiderate and reaſonable, and then as luck and Leger would have it, the words, "Some ſuch amiable widow as yourſelf," popped into her head, and ſhe determined to receive him into the houſe.

Our Hero having made his ground, had nothing now to do but to try to maintain it:—he was all politeneſs to Mrs. Williams — was never ſo happy as when he enjoyed her ſenſible converſation—the hours he was obliged to ſpend abroad paſſed heavily, and he longed to return home—he was afraid he ſhould become rude and obtrude more of his company upon her, than became the reſpectful diſtance of a boarder: to all which, he received the politeſt anſwers the widow's vanity and affectation could frame.

As no letter came, he himſelf reſumed the ſubject. He was ſure her letter had miſcarried, for his friend was the moſt punctual man in the world: Would ſhe take the trouble to write again? She thought there was no need of it, ſhe had taken him into the houſe, and he had convinced her by his behaviour, that he was a gentleman, he needed no other recommendation.

"Such politeneſs, ſuch confidence," ſaid he, "demands my utmoſt gratitude. As ſoon as providence puts it in my power, you ſhall be convinced you are not miſtaken—you are an angel of a woman."

Leger now began to mix tender aſſiduities with his politeneſs; and Mrs. Williams now believed all things were in a train for her to be a Counſellor's lady. He ſoon made a formal declaration of love, on the moſt honourable terms;

terms; and as the widow thought all prudence needleſs, ſhe acceded to the propoſal, and promiſed to be his as ſoon as his affairs were brought to a criſis. He now ſaw himſelf fixed, nothing could remove him, at leaſt for a long time, but news from Rufa, and of that he ſaw no kind of danger.

Our Turtles now lived together in all the luxury of a delightful courtſhip. Leger was aſſiduous, and the widow was fond. Elated with her prize, ſhe wiſhed to exhibit it to her neighbours, by appearing abroad with him at Bagnigge Wells, White Conduit Houſe, St. George's Spa, and now and then at Vauxhall: places which very much pleaſed Mrs. Williams, as being congenial with her idea of pleaſure; but her Strephon's habiliments began to be rather ſhabby, and ſhe was aſhamed to be ſeen abroad in his company.

She one day told him with great ſweetneſs, how happy ſhe ſhould be to enjoy the recreations of the above-mentioned places in his company, but——and with a look of tender regret, ſhe viewed his dreſs. "By God, my dear angel," ſaid he, "I am as ſenſible as yourſelf of the impropriety of appearing abroad with you, or I had long ere now ſnatched at the happineſs of being your conductor. With you I can have no reſerve—I have no caſh: and I am determined to avoid tradeſmens bills—lodging and board I muſt have, clothes I ſhall have plenty, by and by—I will have no creditor but you, who will be repaid, by the poſſeſſion of my all."

"And why, my dear Leger," replied the amorous widow, "why did you conceal from me, ſo long, your want of caſh? I thought your appearance was owing to a contempt for dreſs, and was going

going to perſuade you of the propriety of appearances." "No, my angel," ſaid he, "I was always fond of it—had you known me before my misfortunes—had you ſeen me in India, ſhine with the ſplendor of a Nabob, you perhaps would have thought me too fond of dreſs."

"And you perhaps will think me too fond of you, if I tell you, that in conſequence of the vows paſſed between us, you are welcome to participate of what will ſhortly be your own." "You are all that's charming," ſaid Leger, "curſe on the delays of law, that keeps me from the full poſſeſſion of ſo much goodneſs."

Leger was ſoon equipped to make a handſome appearance with his widow, and her acquaintances were ſoon convinced (as ſhe wiſhed them to be) that ſhe had a lover.

Term paſſed as uſual, and Leger found no difficulty in aſſuring her how neceſſary

neceſſary it was for his advantage, to put off trial, till the next Term; but the curſed delay of his happineſs, vexed him above meaſure.

Leger determined to ſecure his hold of Mrs Williams—his dreſs---his gallantry—his aſſiduity and ardour as a lover, became irreſiſtable: circumſtances required a delay of legal forms, but Mrs Williams was convinced by her lover's rhetoric that great minds regard the eſſence of things more than the form—they lived with and for each other—they had contracted for life, and why not———

No human happineſs is without its allay; a litigous perſon, with whom Mrs Williams had ſome concerns, commenced a Law-ſuit againſt her. He had employed one of thoſe pettyfogging attornies, who had juſt knowledge enough of law, to vex and ruin thoſe who have not the ableſt heads to protect them. Mat-

ters

ters would have gone hard with the widow, had not her ſwain aroſe in her defence. He ſought the Plaintiff, and with great apparent friendſhip, adviſed him to a compromiſe; but he depending on the craft and roguery of his attorney, who was to ſhare the ſpoils, very haughtily referred to him.

Leger called upon this attorney, and aſſuming all the dignity and pre-eminence of a counſellor, haughtily demanded if he knew what he was about in ſuch a ſuit? warned him to take care what he did, or it would coſt him and his client dear. The pettyfogger treated him with contempt and inſolence; but being willing to gratify his own pride in diſplaying his legal knowledge, began to ſpout about what he intended to do.

"Hold your tongue, you puppy," ſaid Leger, "do you think I do not know better than you?" and with that, he poured upon him ſuch a torrent of legal declamation

clamation with ſuch vociferated ardour, that the poor pettifogger, though he did not underſtand one half, was filled with amazement. Leger waited not his reply, but left him, with a threat that he would lead him and his Client ſuch a trot, as ſhould make them curſe the day they meddled with law.

Both the Pettifogger and his Client were frighted at this terrible Counſellor, and wiſhed to renew the treaty for a compromiſe, if Mrs. Williams would come down ſomething handſome to drop the ſuit. Leger was waited upon with the propoſal. "Damn your impudence," ſaid he, "you pettifogging dog, get out of the houſe; I make no compromiſe with raſcals; depend upon it I ſhall ſtick to the ſkirts of you both, until I have exalted *you*, upon the pillory; and heaped upon *him*, ſuch a load of coſts as ſhall lay him in a jail for life.

Mrs.

Mrs. Williams pleaſed with the martial ſpirit of her Hero, loaded him with careſſes: her apparent confidence in the merits of Counſellor Leger, helped to damp the ſpirit of the pettifogging Lawyer, who, terrified at the idea of a pillory, returned to his Client and informed him they were in the wrong box, for they had the devil to deal with. In this matter they were perfectly right, and as wiſe men, determined to get out of his hands.

Another treaty was ſet on foot, to which Leger affected great reluctance. The Pettyſogger on the other hand affected great humility—made many eulogiums on the ſuperior knowledge of his antagoniſt—pleaded that he had acted wrong through ignorance, and confeſſed himſelf greatly inſtructed by the learned diſcourſes of his worthy adverſary.

Leger was not to be deceived by all this cant. He well knew it for the voice

of

of fear, and took his meaſures accordingly. He was fully convinced that the rhodomantade, he had rattled off, might indeed confound, as he deſigned it ſhould, but never could inſtruct any man.

"Sir," ſaid he, "your compliments are thrown away; you did not act wrong through ignorance, a man of your years and ſtanding in the law, muſt know ſomething of his buſineſs.--You and your Client are a couple of rouges, and one pillory will hold you both: prepare for next Seſſion at the Old Bailey, to be tried for a Conſpiracy."

"Good ſir," ſaid the trembling raſcal, "that you will get the better of us at Common Law, I believe, and ſhould be willing upon reaſonable terms to make matters up; but how you can indict us for Conſpiracy, is to me problematical." "Is it ſo, ſir?" ſaid Ledger, "then I will make it practically plain to you; but

but I thank you for your correction, you are quite right, I ſhould finiſh with niſi prius, before I bring you to the Crown Bar."

"For God's ſake," ſaid the Pettifogger, "do not ſtrive to ruin us, but accept of a reaſonable compenſation for the trouble we have given you. We have families to provide for, and if you put your threats in execution, they will not only be brought to poverty, but we ſhall be diſabled for ever from providing for them: good ſir, have mercy."

Ledger paused:—then gravely ſaid, "By God, I hate a raſcal; and were it not for your families, would ſhew you no mercy: but your innocent children move me to compaſſion. You ſhall give my client two hundred pounds for the expenſes you have put her to, and the trouble you have given her, and I will withdraw the ſuit I have entered againſt you. Go acquaint your client of my con-

condeſcenſion." So ſaying, he turned upon his heel and left him.

The Client was informed of the Counſellor's condeſcending demand, and damned him for his impudence; but the thoughts of being indicted for Conſpiracy ſo terrified him, that he reſolved to make the beſt terms he could, and get rid of the matter. His frighted Attorney urged him by all means to do ſo. He accordingly waited on Ledger in a moſt humble and penitential manner, beſeeching him to lower his demand—he pleaded his family—urged in his own defence, that his lawyer had deceived him—that he had no other intention than to recover what his lawyer aſſured him was his right—and declared that he had given orders for all proceedings on his part to be ſtopped immediately.

Leger affected to be ſomewhat mollified, and diſmiſſed him; ſaying, "He would conſider of the matter, and call upon

upon him the next day, as he had a little buſineſs in that neighbourhood." Mrs. Williams was preſent at this conference, and her preſence was by no means neceſſary to his views, which were, to pick up a little matter for himſelf.

The Client being gone, "By heaven, my ſweet angel," ſaid Leger, patting the Widow on the cheek, "have not I managed your matters nicely? you ſee, I have frighted them out of their wits." "Indeed, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "I am much obliged to you, for managing this affair for me; but ſurely your demand of two hundred, was very unreaſonable?" "Bleſs the heart of you," ſaid he, "reaſon and right are out of the queſtion, if it was not ſo, you might have had that ſum to pay. I have carried my point merely by frightening them. I will take to-morrow what I can get, leſt they ſhould go and get better advice.

Leger

Leger called upon the Client as he had promiſed: a long conference enſued; in which he bawled and thumped with his fiſt upon the table, as if it would have ſplit it: the Pettifogger was alſo preſent, who came in for his full ſhare of our Hero's rebukes. He finiſhed his harrangue, with condeſcending, in conſideration of their families, to take the moderate ſum of one hundred pounds. Encouraged by this fall of half the demand, they both united their entreaties for further abatement, and at laſt the ſum was fixed at ſixty, to be paid down immediately: thirty of which he carried home to his Widow, and thirty he reſerved for himſelf.

"My angel," ſaid Leger, "I give you joy;" and laying the notes upon the table, "By G-d," ſaid he, "I have got you out of a damned ſcrape, and thirty pounds to boot. Curſe on the hearts of them, they would have ruined you, but for

for me. I wiſh I could have fleeced them of more, for they deſerve it: but I was afraid to be too hard with them, for the reaſon I mentioned to you." "Indeed Sir," ſaid Mrs. Williams, "you are a rare man, but had I not right on my ſide?" "Right, Child! No, the law was againſt you, but let me alone to get out of a hobble."

"Well, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "Chriſtmaſday will be next week, we will have an elegant dinner, and invite my particular friends to come and make merry with us.

Who were the particular friends of widow Williams, will be the ſubject of the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Account of Mrs. Williams's *particular Friends—the Chriſtmas Dinner.*

THE Widow's particular intimates, were, a Mr. Garnock, a Mr. Clinker, a Miſs Agnes Darby, and a Miſs Delia Pierpont. Theſe perſons ſhe viſited, and was viſited by them, very frequently: a ſhort account of them will be neceſſary before we introduce them to the Chriſtmas dinner.

Mr. Garnock was a Grocer, and lived next door to Mrs. Williams; he was a widower, of about forty five, was poſſeſſed of all the common qualities of a tradeſman; that is, he was a mere tradeſman, whoſe ideas never wandered beyond

beyond the concerns of his buſineſs and his family: of buſineſs he had a tolerable ſhare, but he had alſo a large family of children. He had a ſtrong inclination to marry again, and as widow Williams had no children, he had looked kindly towards her, for a companion for himſelf and a mother to his children. For to do her juſtice, her diſpoſition was humane and kind to a degree.

Mr. Garnock paid his addreſſes, and widow Williams received them with decency; as ſhe had never been incumbered with a family, ſhe thought nothing about it, and conſequently, Mr. Garnock's family was no objection: for widow Williams was not like many who are barren, without affection for the young of her ſpecies, her good nature extended equally to them, as to others; that is, though ſhe could not feel a maternal affection, having never been a mother, yet ſhe loved children as children.

It had certainly been a match, had not the unlucky bill in the window, of "Lodgings to let," brought our Hero to the houſe. Leger now reigned ſupreme in her heart, to the great diſcomfort of good Mr. Garnock. This however, made no great breach in good neighbourhood, and Mr. Garnock and Mrs. Williams, lived in good ſociability, not without hopes in the former, that he might yet ſucceed; as, though a plain man, he had diſcernment enough to ſee that our Hero was nothing but a needy adventurer, or man of *ſhifts*.

Mr. Clinker was an Attorney, very avaricious as to getting money, for he conſidered it as the ſummum bonum of human life; but he was not ſo as to the expenditure of it: he was ſocial, and loved to enjoy company and good living; as to his profeſſion, he was conceited and a coxcomb.

In

In all companies he interrupted the converſation, by introducing matters of law, by which he deſigned to ſet off himſelf as an excellent lawyer, with a view to increaſe his practice: and whenever Leger and he met together, nothing but law made up the converſation.

Come we next to Miſs Agnes Darby, a ſpinſter of thirty-five; her complexion was amorous, and the men had talked to her on the ſubject of love, but as no one had ever made her a ſerious honorable offer, ſhe began to conſider herſelf in danger of antiquated virginity, and was determined to train to her net, ſome male, to wipe away her reproach. Her acquaintance with Mrs. Williams brought her acquainted with our Hero, and viſits to Mrs. Williams threw her often in his company: ſhe chatted with him and ogled him with ſuch ſignificancy, as thoroughly acquainted him his addreſſes would not be diſagreeable.

Miſs Darby's fortune was barely ſufficient to ſupport her with decency as a companion and acquaintance for perſons in mediocrity of trade and circumſtances. Her perſonal charms were not ſufficient at any time, to procure her a huſband independent of a good fortune; but then they were of the wearing ſort, they ſuffered little from advancing years, and ſhe was as handſome at thirty-five, as ſhe had been at twenty; this kept up her ſpirits, and gave her hopes ſhe ſhould yet ſucceed.

Our Hero perfectly read her, and attached himſelf to her as the worthy friend of Widow Williams, who was pleaſed with him for ſo doing, as ſhe conſidered it a compliment paid to herſelf, in her choice of friendſhip, for ſhe had a conſiderable regard for Miſs Darby. But Leger looked further, and waited an opportunity to make the amorous lady pay for her ogling.

Proceed

Proceed we to Miſs Delia Pierpoint, a lady deſcended from a good family, and poſſeſſed of a good fortune; not indeed ſo good as to enable her to aſſociate with perſons of quality, as her birth entitled her, but it ſet her eminently at the head of this neighbourly group. Miſs Delia's perſon had always been too homely for a good fortune to procure her ſuch a huſband her prudence could accept; ſhe therefore lived in a ſtate of celibacy to the age of fifty. Her complexion, which had never been good, was now exceeding ſallow; vexation and diſappointments had brought wrinkles on her brow, and time had ſo demoliſhed her teeth, that when ſhe chewed her victuals, her noſe and chin met in contact.

Her perſon, perhaps from miſmanagement when young, was warped awry; her ſtature was ſhort, and her habit of body thin even to ſkinny: her temper was a mixture of the fiery and waſpiſh;

and of the ſocial and convivial: this laſt part of her diſpoſition, induced her to aſſociate with the circle in which we conſider her; for they were, as we have ſaid, frequently together.

This lady had however an admirer; what her fortune could not do in younger years, that is, to procure her a huſband ſuitable to her age, it promiſed fair to do for her now. Old Clinker perceived charms in her fortune, which ſmoothed the wrinkles on her brow, levelled the protuberance on her back, and placed her noſe and chin at a proper diſtance. He became moſt ſeriouſly her admirer, and openly avowed himſelf her ſuitor.

Miſs Delia could have no reaſonable objection to Mr. Clinker: his age was not ten years more than her own, and ſhe had no reaſon to ſuppoſe he would ſquander away her money, nor yet to fear that he would debar her from the en-

enjoyment of it. But then to change her name: Pierpont! ſo grand, ſo ſounding, and in conſequence of which, ſhe claimed an alliance with the Ducal family of Kingſton; to change this for ſo homely a name as Clinker, Miſs Delia knew not how to bring her mind to it; but as the intentions of a male was an agreeable circumſtance in itſelf, ſhe received his viſits at home, and permitted his aſſiduities in company.

Theſe four perſons, Mr. Garnock, Mr Clinker, Miſs Darby, and Miſs Pierpont, were the particular friends of Mrs. Williams; and never a week paſſed, but they held their ſociable aſſemblies at each other's houſes. Our Hero, of conſequence was always of the party, for Widow Williams would have it ſo.

Chriſtmas day, we have obſerved, was appointed as a joyous meeting of this ſelect party, at Mrs William's houſe, to

celebrate her good fortune, in overcoming her litigious adverſary, and to pay proper compliments to Counſellor Leger.

The dinner was good: The Widow's country relations had furniſhed it with a fine Turkey and an excellent chine: ſhe herſelf added to it, good roaſt beef, plumb-pudding, and mince-pies: the beverage was ſuitable to the proviſions, and the company did honour to both.

Mrs. Williams of courſe did the honors of the table, but was not ſo fully taken up with them, as to be inattentive to Miſs Darby's ogling her ſpark, and the returns he made to her glances: ſhe felt herſelf much hurt by this lady's invaſion of her rights; but reſolved for the preſent to ſuppreſs her reſentment, and to watch them narrowly. Her temper however wa two much ruffled to enjoy her feaſt of triumph as ſhe had hoped to do.

The

The cloth was drawn—the glaſſes went round with the uſual toaſts—the ladies began to talk of the news of their neighbourhood, and to ſcrutiniſe the characters of their female neighbours.—Widow Willams, was warmly ſevere on coquettes; and condemned their impudent advances to the men, and particularly the injuſtice of ſuch advances, where the party was known to be engaged. The Widow's heart was full of the ſubject, ſhe therefore ſpoke fluently upon it.

Miſs Darby enjoyed her chagrine; but affected not to perceive it: ſhe concluded, that as ſhe had awakened jealouſy in the heart of Mrs. Williams, her affairs with regard to Leger were in no bad train. She therefore cooly replied, "That ſome ladies might think ſuch a conqueſt, (the conqueſt of a man ſuppoſed to be already attached) the

more agreeable, as it indicateth a ſuperiority of charms." The nettled Williams, was about to reply with ſome warmth, but was interrupted by a violent ſtroke upon the table, which Leger, in the heat of converſation with Clinker, had made with his fiſt.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.